

Light of Truth.

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ELLEN'S STRANGE STORY.

By CONNA MAY MORRIS.

CHAPTER I.

It was the beginning of the Winter, in the year 1886. There had been an unusually pleasant Autumn for the mountainous country of Colorado, but the beginning of real Winter came at last, and upon the night of which our story opens, a severe storm had set in, and was raging over summit and through valley.

It would have been a perilous undertaking, for man or beast, to have faced such a storm, and some such thought crossed Squire Dunn's mind, as he sat with his wife and daughter, around the cheerful blaze of the log fire, which crackled upon the hearth of his cabin, enjoying, in true man fashion, his pipe and newspaper.

The storm was growing alarmingly severe as the hour's went by, and when the clock struck ten, pretty Ellen Dunn laid aside the book, in which she had been vainly trying to interest herself. She shivered, and, drawing a light shawl about her shoulders, crossed the room to the east window of the cabin, and pushing the curtain back, peered out into the night. The windows rattled as the heavy gusts of wind swept by, and went screaming along like some wild, frightened animal pursued, then dying in sad moaning whispers, far away in the distance. The snow was circling and whirling in fitful eddies, and the tiny white drifts lay upon the window-sill outside. The wind continued to howl dismally, but never before had Squire Dunn's lovely daughter been so affected by the warring elements. She felt, in some inexplicable way, she was being made aware that some inevitable danger was near at hand; and standing before the window, she pressed her face closer against the cold panes of glass, in her eagerness to catch some minute idea of the strength of the awful storm. Suddenly, she turned very pale, and bent her ear to determine the sound, which she believed she had heard, but which faintly died away in the howl of the wind, that went screeching down into the canons below.

Ellen remained standing in the same position for some minutes, then suddenly uttered a sharp little cry of distress, starting her parents, and bringing her mother speedily to her side.

"What is it, Ellen?" enquired the alarmed mother, as she noted the extreme pallor of the girl's face. But Ellen made no reply, and continued to stare in a cold set gaze toward the window. Mrs. Dunn felt thoroughly frightened now, and forcing her daughter gently back, she dropped the curtain, to shut out the hideous blackness of the night, and aroused her husband, who had returned to his paper and was again oblivious to his surroundings.

"Just look at Ellen, pa; she is ill. Ellen, Ellen," she called. But the girl gave no sign that she heard, and her mother shook her gently, but all in vain. She continued to stare fixedly, while her pallor had deepened until it appeared ghastly, in the flickering fire-light.

Mr. Dunn was a practical man, and not easily moved, but he viewed his daughter's attitude with something akin to dismay, and advancing near, touched the face, which was frightfully cold, in its marble-like whiteness. "Ellen," he called, "rouse up, my dear, and tell us what is the matter." But she heeded not, and continued to stare at the window, with head slightly bent, as if in a listening attitude. Suddenly another cry escaped the white lips, and she pointed her finger significantly toward the East: "Look, look," she cried, "there is Harry, pa, and he is lost in the mountains, in this awful storm." And covering her face with her hands, as if to shut out an unwelcome sight, sobbed, piteously, "Oh! Harry, Harry."

Very much alarmed, the anxious parents sought to quiet their daughter, thinking some sudden mania had taken possession of her, but all their efforts availed nothing. She still moaned and sobbed, and clinched her hands frantically, until the nails sunk deep into the tender flesh, leaving cruel dents in their wake.

But again, with the suddenness, which had characterized her peculiar state, the girl's demeanor changed, and she became calm, and in a steady voice said: "Pa, we must go in search of poor Harry. We can easily find him, for I see the way plainly; he is in the entrance of a canon, sheltered by the overhanging rocks from the storm. But I see some distance further up the canon two mountain lions; they, too, have sought shelter from the storm, and are crouching close to the rocks. So let us make haste, for if we wait until morning before we begin our search, it will be too late!"

As Ellen ceased speaking, she again became her natural self, save the pallor of her face, and a slight nervous tremor which occasionally shook her plump little figure.

Her parents questioned her closely, feeling much bewildered at the strange spectacle they had witnessed; besides, each felt an irresistible influence, perhaps that imparted by Ellen, together, with a dread or fear, as of some calamity about to overtake them. And as a result of the strange ordeal they had just passed through, they began preparations for their nocturnal visit into the rocky wilds of the mountains.

It was now nearing the hour of midnight, and the two sure-footed, sturdy ponies stood at the garden gate, saddled and equipped for the journey. The wind had almost ceased, and only a few scattering flakes of snow went sailing slowly and gracefully through the air. The stars shone dimly in the far distant canopy of heaven, and a solemnness, like a funeral pall, seemed to hang over the mountains and valleys, and as Ellen and her father mounted the restive creatures, they, too, seemed impressed with the mournfulness that had settled down upon the little searching-party, and the lonely little woman, who was left standing upon the steps of the cabin, and who watched until the last glimmer from the lantern's lights, flashed over the hill-top and disappeared from view.

After Mrs. Dunn had watched her husband and Ellen disappear over the mountain side, she hurriedly entered the cabin and securely barred the door. Then stirring up the heap of logs that lay upon the broad hearth, placed the kettle upon some coals, preparatory, to brewing a cheering cup of tea, for she dreaded the lonely hours which must pass ere the return of her loved ones.

CHAPTER II.

Some eight years before the opening of our story, Squire Dunn, as he was familiarly called by friends and acquaintances, removed from Utica, New York, at the suggestion of his family physician, to Colorado. Mrs. Dunn's health had been rapidly declining for a year or more, and after testing the virtues of the different eastern health resorts without avail, was advised to try the invigorating air of the "Great Rockies," and accordingly acted upon the advice of their physician and came west, settled some twenty miles west of Alpine, off the Union Pacific Railway. They had enjoyed their mountain home so thoroughly, and lived in a state of such perfect health, that Mr. and Mrs. Dunn seldom revisited their New York friends. Ellen had graduated at a New York academy two years prior to our narrative, and now loved her wild mountain home as fervently as did her parents.

Harry Dunn was the only son and heir of the 'squire, and although he had taken as kindly to the mountain wilds of Colorado, as his parents and sister he had begun the study of law with his uncle in his native town, and could not leave for two years hence. So he had consoled himself with long summer vacations during his college career, and continued to spend his vacations at his father's mountain cabin, hugely enjoying the fishing and hunting expeditions, with an occasional friend or two for company.

So at the close of a November day, Harry Dunn sat tilted back in a ponderous office chair, with a volume of the law upon his knee. The book was closed, and the young man meditatively stroked the curling ends of his brown mustache, suddenly he sprang to his feet, and slapping the book upon the desk, with a very strong emphasis, exclaimed, "I'll do it."

"Do what, Harry?" enquired his uncle, glancing curiously over his spectacles.

"Why, I am going home to spend Thanksgiving, ha! ha! but won't the folks be surprised, though? And, by jove! I'll have some tall game, too, for the Thanksgiving feast. This is the fifteenth, I'll pack my grip, clean up my shot-gun and rifle, and start to-morrow morning."

"It appears to me, young man," said the kind-hearted uncle, "that this journey has been very suddenly planned; but never mind," he added, "go if you wish, but don't stay longer than the twenty-eighth of the month, for it is necessary for me to make a business trip of ten days to New York City, and must leave here by the third of December. I will leave you in charge of the business. But you have ample time for your visit and return."

So the following morning found Harry Dunn enroute for the West, with heart light and brain busy with plans of hunting "big game" in the Rocky Mountains.

It was just four days later when he stepped off the train at Alpine, and shouldered his guns and strapped a light traveling valise over his shoulder, preparatory to a twenty-mile jaunt over the mountains to his father's cabin. The weather looked lowering, and knowing something of the nature of a "western blizzard," he resolved to trudge on toward his destination without delay. It was a hard walk which lay before him, but he was sturdy of limb and muscle, and rather enjoyed the novelty of his situation; so he went briskly on at swinging gate, and had traversed some three miles, when a jack-rabbit hopped to cross his path. This was enough, his good resolve was forgotten, and he left the path in pursuit. The animal was a vigilant creature, and had scented danger, and made off as fast as he could, Harry following in its wake. But it escaped, and after beating about the stunted bushes for an hour, hoping to start up more game, Harry returned to the path which had been left a mile to the northward. He looked at his watch, and it was half past eleven, and feeling somewhat wearied and hungry, he sought out a pleasant retreat, and was soon doing justice to a hearty luncheon, with which he had prepared himself at the station. After the lunch had been carefully discussed, he went in search of water, being thirsty, and also feeling the need of a refreshing bath of face and hands, and so time sped on, while the young man loitered by the way, and ere he was aware, the short November day was slanting toward the shades of evening. The wind came southing through the short hardy limbs of the scrub oaks, and the clouds flew swiftly by, gathering their masses of vapor, and darkening the blue of the sky, finally shutting out the light of day, as the snow began to fall in great fleecy flakes to the ground.

It soon dawned upon the young man's mind that he had lost his way, a severe storm had set in with the night, and he was at least five miles from his destination. If he shouted he could not be heard, so he coolly and calmly sat down in the friendly shelter of some overhanging rocks, to await his destiny. The storm raged on, growing more severe as the hours dragged by, and finally, feeling cramped and benumbed, he arose and began a violent exercise to warm his chilled blood.

He kept up this performance until feeling exhausted, he again sank down upon the rocks and soon was sleeping. How long he slept he could not tell, but he had been awakened from a peculiar dream, and had heard distinctly his sister's voice repeating his name, "Oh, Harry, Harry!" He started up, but again he was benumbed and chilled from the cold; and it was with difficulty that he forced himself into an exercise.

During the whole of the time, his brain had been unusually clear, and his mind alert, as he reviewed his dream again and again. In dreaming, he had plainly seen his awful situation, he knew he was lost, and naturally, he had thought of his home, and more especially of his sister, of whom he had always been extravagantly fond. And, too, it seemed he had not been able to realize that he was in any real danger during his waking period, before he had fallen asleep, but during that strange dream he had been made aware of his perilous position. He thought he had stood at a distance, and saw his own figure leaning back against the rocks of his cavernous shelter; and that finally he looked far up the canon, and there pressed closely against a huge rocky wall, where a projecting rock formed a roof over a sort of shelving, lay snugly two mountain lions. Then he had awakened and plainly heard Ellen speak his name, and her voice had sounded full of sobs, as though she were in distress and weeping.

After a time the storm began to abate, and there appeared a few twinkling stars. But strange to say the perturbed mind of Harry Dunn gradually calmed; he was now calmer than before his waking dream, but it was a different calm, not that brought about by philosophically viewing an unpleasant circumstance, which had at first possessed him, but the calm that comes of a realization of security, from trouble or danger.

So the remaining hours were full of expectation and hope, but why, Harry Dunn was not able to define. Connecting this pleasant view of his situation, with his strange dream, and, when suddenly aroused by a loud ringing about, he immediately recognized his father's voice, and quickly responded.

Ten minutes later the rescuing party and the rescued were embracing each other in a rather idiotic manner, but it mattered not to them, their hearts were filled with a great joy, and it was a fitting time to rejoice, for the lost had been found.

Of course, there were explanations, which only plunged the philosophical 'squire, deeper into the mystery, as he attentively listened to the comparing of notes between Harry and Ellen, and he knew their experience was genuine. The phenomenon, however, was a deep mystery which he could not explain away, but he felt very grateful, nevertheless, for Ellen's strange vision, which had served as a means of rescuing his son from the jaws of death.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

RENAN.

Prof. J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

The great French writer and Semitic scholar is dead. His beautiful soul has gone into that higher life of intelligence and truth. He had a remarkable career, and it has come to an end. The great light of his genius is gone out and darkness and sorrow are with us, for the world of letters is poorer by his loss. He was old and full of years. He had worked like a Trojan and done his duty like a courageous and honest man, that he assuredly was. Though he is gone from us he yet liveth, and the work which he accomplished is not likely to die, but aims to take a high place in the esteem of the best informed of men. Renan was a man who lived in an atmosphere above ordinary men. Dogmas bound him not, the frontiers of thought which satisfied other men held him not, he was a free roamer over the domain of thought. Churches did not stop his enthusiastic spirit. He loved truth and was ready to follow it anywhere. He had an eye which looked into a profound realm of thought. He had a love and genius for the study of religious history. He was a scientific student of history, a critic, a sifter of historic truth, and his work will have a lasting effect on the Christian Church and theology.

The Bible is a unique book. It holds a peculiar place among historical books. Christians make a claim for it that they deny to every other book. It is the one precious, divine book, God's holy book. A revelation from him, and the only one he ever made or will make to man. He has spoken and will speak no more. Eternal silence now sits upon his lips. Such a book is too precious to be criticized, doubted or refuted. The Church is founded upon its authority. The priests expound it to the people. Learned professors in the universities in the Christian world affirm the Bible to be the word of God. It is more authoritative than experience or reason. The Bible is paramount. Doubt of its claims was sin. Doubt was infidelity, and infidelity was blasphemy. Faith was a virtue and doubt a crime. In the eyes of the devout the man who disbelieves the Bible is guilty of the greatest sin a man can commit on earth. A man who doubts the Christian religion can have no fellowship with Christians. Let him be *anathema amarnatha*. In the eyes of a Christian to persecute an infidel is an obligation. The Bible holds its place and power because men dare not think and inquire into its merits freely, only so far as they gain courage from the study of science and the experimental method. Thus the Bible holds a solitary place. It is a sacred book which tells the human soul the way to a tearless life beyond the grave, or one of everlasting woe. It is the one book which deals with the problem of faith, repentance, salvation, and justification. This book speaks to us out of the ruins of forgotten generations. Its origin is lost in the mist. It tells us of the creation of the world, the way man first made his extraordinary appearance on the planet in the Garden of Eden. It says God made man perfect. Eve was made from a rib taken out of the side of Adam while in a deep sleep. It tells of the subtle skill of the serpent. How it could walk and talk in those halcyon days in Eden. It tells us also that Adam and Eve listened to the persuasive eloquence of the serpent and partook of the fruit of the forbidden tree, and for this disobedience God drove the unfortunate pair out of Eden. It is the most tragic event in human history. Once free and out of Eden man grew worse and worse until God sent a flood upon the earth which drowned every living thing except those creatures that went into the ark with Noah. Its greatest message of joy is that of the coming to earth of the only begotten son of God. Jesus Christ was born of Jewish origin, occupying a very poor station in life. The boy god grew up to be a man following the trade of a carpenter. At thirty-three years of age he was crucified. After three days he rose from the dead and ascended into heaven. The Bible contains a thousand more very extraordinary things, which the Christian world looks upon as divine truth, and which to disbelieve, a soul will be cast into hell. The Bible is claimed to be infallible. The Church builds all its dogmatic strength upon it. Its integrity is everything to the Church. Once destroy its authority and the Church tumbles to pieces.

Since the time of Lord Bacon the scientific method has been the means of increasing to a marvelous degree the total sum of human knowledge. Science has become a mighty power in the world. The scientific method has been applied to the investigation of history, and much that was once accepted as genuine history has been set aside as mythical. A distinguished class of German scholars have pursued the same method in the study of the Scriptures, and have led to results far from pleasing to the Church. Renan, in every way a Frenchman, started out to make a comparative study of all Oriental or Semitic religions.

Science abhors a miracle, a miracle can not appear among the phenomena of nature. Starting an examination of the different religions of the East with this rule in hand it becomes perceptible at a glance that the miraculous events of the Bible must all be denied as true events, and must be thrown away as the childish creations of fancy. Renan was educated and trained in the Roman Catholic Church and early discovered rare powers of intellect and imagination, and an ability to express himself that is even rare in an age of fine writers. These qualities united with industry, erudition, and an imagination as vivid as that of Lamartine, and a moral nature as sweet as that of Fenelon's, he soon found that the

Roman Catholic Church was not his place. He saw another truth. He could not teach that which he did not believe. Years of anticipation and hope were given up. Old friends in the Church were left and friendships broken. In his own eye he was an honest man; in that of the Church an infidel and an enemy of God.

There is something charming to a poetical mind about the Hebrew race. The rise of that nation, the romantic and spiritual episodes of its history, and its tragic desecration. The connection of that race with the evolution of religion makes it doubly interesting for not only the unique place it holds in the general history of the Semitic race, but in as much as it has the honor of being the first favorite of heaven. Jesus Christ was a Jew and stamped with all the qualities of that devoted race. Renan found a common likeness in the religious cults of the East. The Egyptian, Persian, and Hindoo religions were sisters, and represented the same parent. Some distant race gave birth to one religion that in the course of time through local and geographical changes developed variations and variety in the common beliefs and dogmas of religion. Renan perceiving this fact realized that all religions were a growth from the human mind in different stages of unfoldment and natural surroundings. Differences of opinion will long exist as to whether Renan painted a true picture of Jesus Christ. He stripped the gospel narratives of their supernatural character and eliminated the miraculous element from the work of Christ. This done Jesus becomes simply a spiritual teacher of strong socialistic proclivities, which, when looked at from the standpoint of modern economics, are neither desirable nor practical. When Jesus Christ is nothing but a man—Deity taken away from him—he simply sinks to the level of a moral teacher. Without Christ as a savior Christianity is but a system of ethical culture. Renan's "Life of Jesus" strikes a terrible blow at Christianity.

Renan was not a flippant or vulgar assailant. There was nothing coarse or low about him. His voice was that of the scholar. His judgment that of a man who knew more about what he was talking than any other man now living. It is too soon to tell the result of his work. He has drawn others to work in the same field. Men begin to value more and more the scientific method applied to the study of history. Daily the work done in the school makes theological power weaker.

When Jesus Christ falls into the line of a moralist he is no more to the life of the race than Seneca or Marcus Aurelius.

When miracle is given up the supernatural is dead as a power over men's ideas, and all that Science asks is conceded.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

UNCONSCIOUS SPIRITISTS.

There is more to us than we know. We are, some of us, the embodiment of the very principles we repel and condemn. I find I have a deal of Spiritism in me, and am only beginning to perceive it after more than fifty earthly years! I have always withdrawn from Spiritism, and have said (in the pulpit and out of it) that it was a phase of devilry. Many times I have been told of the holy influences which permeated atmospheres from the spirits who accompanied me. The talk meant twaddle to me.

A year ago a window broke into a thousand fragments in my room. A rude boy threw a rock, I supposed, designedly or carelessly. It was night and very dark. I arose to arrange the blind and sweep up the glass, and, lo! not a breakage could be discovered. Instantly a loud blow was heard on the springs of my bed. I turned more quickly than a flash to see who was in my room, and this thought was given me: "No-body is here; it is a wave of spirit power, consider it." I repelled the suggestion by saying that it was an impolite spirit to so disturb one at a late hour.

Afterwards I was arranging papers in the same room, and a package that I needed and intended to reach came directly to me, lifted by unseen forces, it clung so closely to my left hand that it required the strength of my right hand to remove it.

One very early Winter morning my room was filled with the music of ringing bells. No earthly sound can be compared or associated with the sweetness of the tones; and there came to me, visibly, the dearest friend I ever had; beautiful in her eternal life. She was sixty-eight years old when she went away, but the face at that moment was as cheering and fair as a child of seventeen. She said in a voice unmistakably her own: "He that will save his life shall lose it." Words which from that hour have meant sermons to me.

My being was more aroused to see what Spiritism is. I went first to a psychometrist (Dr. Tripp, of Boston). He had never seen me or heard of me, yet he told me the story of ten years of my life as accurately as if my biography was a printed page; described my life and my familiar friends. I went to G. V. Cordingley (who was then in Boston), and he said my grandfather would speak to me. "And which grandfather?" said I. "He whose grave contains besides his own, the coffin of his little daughter." And then I remembered that my grandmother had told me that when her little girl died, she opened her husband's grave and the child was laid upon his bosom. But the opening of that grave was in 1802, ninety years ago. It is hardly probable that any body in the world knows the fact of that interment but myself.

My door has several times unlocked, raps came at different places. And now I can recall incidents all my life long, in keeping with these facts, which I have never noticed, or passed them with mere surface thought. Once I saw my mother; her face was so attractive in its immortality that it has been my only memory of her since. And yet it was then only to me an illusion.

Now the question comes, have I not always been an unconscious Spiritist? Has not an unseen been open to me? And if so, why have I turned up my nose like a pot-hook at that which has been literally a part of my being?

PURITAN MINISTER.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stanton, the oldest person in the United States, died at Altoona, Pa., recently. She was 117 years old. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Jamison, and she was born in the spring of 1775 in Lancaster County. Her age is beyond question, being proven by the family Bible, several hundred years old. She was the mother of five children, three of whom are yet living. Her son Richard is a wealthy citizen of California.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

THE COURSE OF PROGRESS.

P. E. DE COURCEY.

A thoughtful study of the history of mankind shows that it has ever been governed by the law of progress, that law which the spirit must observe in order to reach the state of happiness that is its birthright. This progress, or unfoldment, which has culminated into what is known as modern civilization has been constant. Slow, apparently, at first, its course has continually increased in velocity—the knowledge acquired in the preceding stage, adding to the momentum with which it entered the next. This course has not been spasmodic—nothing is in nature—nor has it ever been effectually stayed. Checks it has received, but their effect has been to change its direction, not to stop it. We may turn the current of a river, we can not keep it from flowing.

In order to follow the effect of progress upon the race we should have present to the mind the dual nature of man, the material and the spiritual, each urging him to advance, by different means, towards his great object in life—happiness. Primal man was but little above the beasts, his companions. His only superiority over them was his intellect—the visible sign of his spiritual nature, of the immortal soul within him, whose capabilities, yet unrevealed, were unlimited. Naked, defenseless, a weakling amid formidable forces, to what could he turn his latent energies but to the preservation of life, to protecting himself against the dangers that beset him on every side? All the power of his undeveloped intellect was called into play for that one end, he conquered. His next effort was to preserve what he had conquered and to enjoy it in peace.

Thus, during a period, which may be called the babyhood of the human race, the necessities of the animal in man directed his efforts towards securing his material improvement, and only towards that. The spirit in those days was the servant of the body, and its unfoldment did not keep pace with that of its master. But the "spark divine" burned steadily, if dimly, in man; and while fighting the wild beasts, struggling with wind and tempest, or, with unskilled hands and clumsy tools delving the soil that he sprinkled with the sweat of his brow, strange sensations came to his brain. He had as a memory of some brighter world, of some great power that could command those forces so terrible to him. A longing for something unknown and undefinable filled his breast, and he raised his eyes upward. The spirit asserted its claims: man thought. Unable to define that mysterious being, whose power was revealed in the thunder, in the tempest, in other forces as little understood, he adored him in those forces. The sun had its first worship, its life giving warmth probably suggested the first conception of a kind God.

Yet, surrounded as man was, by violence, and living by violence, he could not be satisfied with the idea of a beneficent God, and he clothed divinity with supernatural strength and power; especially with the power of destruction. Dreading the anger of this terrible being of his own creation, he sought to placate him with blood-offerings; he slaughtered animals on his altars; he went further, his brother-man was a victim more likely to propitiate the great unknown, and he slaughtered him. But the notion of one God controlling so many diverse forces was too stupendous; man's uncultivated mind could not grasp it; his conceit multiplied the deities to which he must pay reverence. The mind can not think of an object without giving it shape or form, so idols were hewn out of the rock or rudely carved in wood—uncouth representations of the most dreaded animals, made still more formidable by the fantastic ignorance of the artist. But, withal, the dim thought of one God, superior to all others, survived. What form should be given him? Man, proud of his superiority over all other creatures, made God in his own image.

In the meantime the animal body's wants having been provided and its relative comfort secured, the spiritual was free to unfold. It was its turn to rule, to make the body its subject and to lead in the road of progress. In a measure, as the spirit gained a further insight of the divine truth, as did man's nature improve, losing daily of the beast in it and gaining of the angel. The foundations of society were laid; first the family, then the tribe, then the nation was formed. Co-operation, concert of action, was first resorted to as productive of strength; the idea of a common brotherhood, if not of all mankind, at least of the tribe or nation next prevailed.

A problem is presented here for the Materialist who denies the existence of the soul. Conceding, for the sake of argument, that mere instinct has taught man to provide food and shelter to secure the enjoyment of all that the animal enjoys, did instinct invent morality, virtue, justice, the difference between might and right? Is it to this mere instinct the conception of a deity, of an after-life is due, that we find existing among the most ignorant savages? Did it ever suggest the many little amenities that go to make social life pleasant? If so, why have the other animals remained stationary? The ox, the horse of to-day, are the same as the ox and the horse of the past ages. They have not improved upon the original way of eating their grass. Man has tamed them—has made them his companions and has trained their native faculties; he has not imparted to them an iota of his soul-power. He alone rules; he alone controls the forces of nature and make them serve his purposes. A pigmy among giants, he is "monarch of all he surveys," for the spirit in man is a conqueror, whose march nothing can stay.

But the two forces that constitute man seem destined to struggle forever to gain the mastery. If more highly developed spirits, in or without the body, have, from time to time, appeared as teachers and leaders, elevating their fellow-men to a higher plane and inculcating the principles of truth, justice, and liberty, the hereditary beast in man has too often held them back. This struggle is perceptible in the history of every people. Pure minds lead the way; a brighter light shines upon the superstitions and errors of the past; much of the dross is cast aside, and the virgin gold is held up to the view; instantly some grosser mind, evoking the animal instincts of the masses, wrenches by force, or appropriates by fraud the priceless gem. The people are led astray, justice is perverted, liberty is smothered; but truth—immortal truth—survives; hidden away it is lost to sight, until the propitious time comes when it shall again be heard. Nor is the good work lost. While the oppressor bids all things come to a standstill, progress has entered the minds of the oppressed. Thought can not be suppressed, though man's voice be hushed. If it could be, then would wrong prevail everlasting. So no check to the civilization of a nation has ever destroyed all that had been done by that civilization. Evil is but transitory, good is eternal; it is a plant that can not be killed; a gentle rain, the breath of the sun-kissed spring, and its soft tendrils will pierce the soil that has been trampled down to the hardness of stone. Its seed is in every human heart.

Notwithstanding these struggles, then, too often ending in the temporary victory of evil over good, mankind has advanced steadily. If on entering every new stage of progress, it was handicapped by the burden of past mistakes, it benefited nevertheless by the conquests of the spirits; no light gained,

no truths discovered were lost, but remained to help the onward march. Read between the lines of history and you can trace this advance throughout the past ages. And in tracing this advance we may also understand the causes of failure as well as those of success. We may learn how the conditions arising from the influence of the past affect the present and modify the future. Without going far back for facts we may see the truth of this theory demonstrated. The latter part of the eighteenth century witnessed two events whose influences on the destinies of mankind can not be overrated. Those events were the American struggle for independence in 1776, and the French revolution of 1789. These two struggles for liberty ended very differently. Let us review them briefly.

No purer motives ever existed than those of the men who inaugurated the French revolution; no greater and more successful efforts to vindicate the rights of man—rights of the body and rights of the soul—were ever made. Yet the wild beasts in the nature of a certain dozen Frenchmen caused them to stain with their brother's blood the immaculate garments of the goddess Liberty. Insane blood-thirstiness prevailed, chaos reigned, then endless wars, until ambition, personified in a frail Corsican soldier, crushed disorder, and with it, alas! freedom, and builded an imperial throne upon the ruins. The spirit-inspired movement was a failure. True; but Napoleon died a wretched prisoner on the rock of St. Helena; but the immortal principles of 1789 had been disseminated all over Europe by the conquering armies of France, and the fruits of the seeds thus sown in the relative emancipation of the other European nations, but after half a century of experiments from despotism to constitutionalism, after seeing liberty once more strangled by a counterfeit Caesar, France is free at last, forever free! Truth and right have prevailed, as they ever must, for the march of progress can not be permanently obstructed.

How with America? Restless men in search of adventure, ambitious men anxious to better their fortunes, thinking men leaving their native land for the sake of religious liberty, offenders against laws, most of which protecting the mighty few ignored the rights of the defenseless many—all these human beings, representing the good and bad of the old-world civilization, were transported to a new country, trodden hitherto only by the untutored savage—an uncivilized improvement on primal man. Here they, like their ancestors of old, but better prepared, had to conquer nature, and, while recognizing the advantages of combined endeavor, to learn the importance of individual effort. Children were born unto them, who grew up amid the peculiar surrounding, and, as it were, between the counter-attractions of two powerful magnets: on the one side savage life, with its alluring freedom, on the other civilization with its restraints, and more refined pleasures. The result was a compromise, a blending of the two, which produced a new race, bold, hardy, self-reliant, unable to bow its haughty head before injustice and oppression. When the exactions of the mother country led the colonies to band together for self-defence and preservation of their rights, the colonists had already served the apprenticeship of freedom, and the bell of Liberty Hall was but the echo of a young giant's lusty voice proclaiming his strength. A giant truly, an infant Hercules, whose young fists strangled the monster sent to devour him.

What a contrast! In America, a cradle guarded by the sword of a Washington—virtue defending liberty. In France the struggling infant strangled by a Bonaparte. Ambition murdering freedom! Why this contrast?

Prenatal influences will affect the masses as well as the individual. The child born in a hovel, whose walls are impregnated with the baneful emanations of vice, enters life with a much harder task before him than he who saw the light in a home, whose very atmosphere is redolent with the sweet fragrance of love and harmony. So with the earth atmosphere of a country. We know that the spirits are attracted to the place where they once lived in the flesh; that they mingle in our daily life, and often influence our actions. The attraction may be that of love, and the interference for our greater good. But we know also that wicked or undeveloped spirits, who cling to the errors of the past, are earth-bound and ever seek plant tools through which they can live over, as it were, their old life. These facts reveal to the thoughtful Spiritualist the strongest reason why the American colonies did not have their Napoleon; why France was not blessed with a Washington.

The new world was the home of the Indians. Savages they were called; savages they were, as being ignorant of all the advantages and all the vices of civilization; but they were an independent, free people, whose neck had never known the galling yoke of tyranny. They possessed the savage virtues: bravery, endurance, generosity, truthfulness. We know them now as a degraded people, a people of liars, drunkards, and cheats; we only concede to them their hereditary bravery and endurance. The truthful and painstaking historian is forced to confess that the vices with which they are charged were unknown to them when the white man landed on their shores. The spiritual influence of these original possessors of the soil permeated the atmosphere and the colonists inhaled with every breath the love of independence, the active, energetic, indefatigable characteristics we now find in their descendants.

That this picture of the generous nature of the Aborigines is not overdrawn, every American medium can testify. The white man has cheated, robbed, destroyed his Indian brother; the Indian spirits are the truest, most faithful among our controls. The despised Indian comes to help the pale-faces; poor savage! he returns good for evil, obeying, untaught, the Christ principle more readily than those did who came to civilize him with the Bible in one hand and the rifle in the other—not forgetting rum for his baptismal font.

Apply the same principles of spirit-atmosphere conditions to old Europe; reckon the centuries of wars, of violence, of heinous crimes. Think of the enslaved people reduced to a condition worse than that of the beast of the fields. Remember the brutal debauchery of the oppressors; the persecution of the weak; the slaughter of innocents in the name of a God of mercy; the tortures; the torrents of blood that have drenched the soil. Then say whether this soil so soaked with blood, this atmosphere so contaminated with the miasma of crime, presented favorable conditions for the unfoldment of that greatest of man's possessions, freedom. Virtue, valor, patriotism existed; they are the escort of truth, and, like truth, they can not perish; but they were overwhelmed by the evil influences. Truly, the sins of the fathers are visited on the children! It is only through trial and endeavor that we can cast off the burden of the past. Amid such conditions Washington could not have breathed any more than a Napoleon could have been possible in the magnetic atmosphere of America.

I have said that progress may be made to deviate from its course, but that it can not be permanently checked. The work of 1789 could not be lost. After one hundred years France is free once more. Under the influence of the higher spirits, of the spirits of men who died for justice and liberty, the evil conditions have been overcome, the atmosphere purified, and liberty reigns, supported by peace and justice. Meantime the United States have arrived at the acme of greatness. The young giant has kept all the promises of his childhood, and more. Blessed among all lands this country has set the example of progress to older nations. Its material progress

especially, has astonished the world. But therein lies the danger.

In the pursuit of wealth and power the beastial instinct is but too often aroused. Belittleness—incompatible with justice and charity—becomes the rule of life. We amass riches at all cost—at the cost of spiritual treasures far more precious than this gold which we must leave with our perishable body when the spirit takes its flight. Too much of this insatiable greed prevails in our day. The pure spirit magnetism of 1776 has been gradually contaminated by evil influences, whether imported or "to the manner born," matters little.

But—and here we have another evidence of the protection this favored people enjoys, which gives us a vision of its mission among the nations of the world—the higher powers who selected this land for the cradle and home of liberty and the school of progress, could not leave their work unfinished, or let their purpose be defeated. Here, where man had been taught political freedom, he must receive a still greater teaching: after the body the spirit must be made free, and Modern Spiritualism was revealed to the descendants of the patriots of 1776. The glad tidings, "the soul is immortal, there is no death," spread even more swiftly than had the news of the declaration of independence less than half a century before. A great light burst, penetrating the dark lairs of Materialism, exposing the fallacies of error, and illuminating the path of truth. Spiritualism became the safeguard of the home; it will be; it is the safeguard of the republic. Its genial warmth dispels the miasms of selfish greed and its concomitant evils. It is the great purifier, as it is the great consolator. From the home it will penetrate even into the councils of the nation, for the republic must fulfill its glorious doctrines. The standard-bearer of liberty, it must uphold the principles that make liberty something better than a mere name, and these principles only Spiritualism can teach and enforce in this new stage of progress.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

HENRY WARD BEECHER A SPIRITUALIST.

HUBBARD TUTTLE.

Quite a dramatic scene was enacted at Cassadaga Camp when Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker was lecturing there. Mrs. Richmond was entranced on the platform before a crowded audience by the spirit of Henry Ward Beecher, who proceeded to make honorable amends for his manner of treating Spiritualism. Approaching Mrs. Hooker the medium knelt and penitently asked pardon for the wrong and misunderstanding he had caused. It was dramatic, very, and was greatly enjoyed by the assembled people.

The affair brought up afresh the controversy between Mrs. Hooker and Mrs. Beecher whether Henry Ward was a Spiritualist or not. The question has a comical side, for it is like a force after a funeral, and, unfortunately, however definite the declaration of Beecher the spirit is, that of the preacher is ambiguous, so that both sides may be equally well maintained, wherein he followed the Bible.

Of the 40,000 preachers in the United States, perhaps none ever attained equal acrobatic proficiency in standing on both sides of the fence at the same time. In fact, such was his dexterity that his hearers were hoodwinked, and were in doubt as to which side he was on. When once he came out squarely and made a clear declaration, he took occasion in his next sermon to blow up a cloud of dust and lose himself in the obscurity. He preached a few years too long, and left the world the sad spectacle of his decay. In these last sad moments of senility the following passage was proclaimed on witchcraft and Spiritualism:

"Now, as to this matter of witchcraft—women witches, men wizards—I know just as much as you do and you know just as much as I do, and we both know nothing. Certainly, at the time the narrative of Saul's visit was written, it was believed to be merely a historical fact. The belief in witchcraft has permeated men's minds in all ages. Even as late as two hundred years ago it was believed in by everybody—doctors, lawyers, ministers, philosophers—and during the two hundred years which preceded that time over half a million of men had been burned to death in Europe after judicial trial and conviction of participation in the black art. What has become of that belief? Science struck it no sledge-hammer blows which drove it away; no arguments which ever were framed against it had the least effect. It was never disproved, and yet where has it gone? No one knows, and no one knows why it has gone; but it has cleared up and floated away and become no more, even as a fog rises and disappears before the rays of the morning sun. Still we have the old belief in witchcraft among a few of our people lingering yet, while in place of it we have a new kind of communication with the spirit world. I mean by Spiritualists. Now in regard to this question: Do spirits ever revisit this earth? I want to say that I would be happy to believe they did, but I have failed to discover it. The communications I have received purporting to be from my parents were of such a weak, milk, and watery nature that they ought to have been put in an infirmary. I have been at seances perhaps a dozen times in the course of my life and have seen many things I could not understand, but nothing to convince me that communication with a spirit world is open to us."

If Mr. Beecher "knew nothing about witchcraft," why did he talk for an hour about it? For that hour's talk he received as salary something like \$500, and ought in honesty to have given an equivalent therefor. He confessed he knew nothing, except that the belief in witchcraft had gone, how or why he did not know.

There is one thing which Mr. Beecher knew, and every Bible student knows, that the existence of witches and of their craft is most clearly defined in that book. It makes no statement more absolutely; and on its unqualified command not to suffer a witch to live rests the most damning atrocities of the past ages, ending in this country in the terrors of the Salem persecution. Mr. Beecher said: "Science had no blow for it." Science is certain knowledge, and this, and this alone, has awakened mankind from the nightmare of dogmatism which made wholesale torture possible.

Granting his version of witchcraft going "to the Witch of Endor to traffic with the devil"—"to the powers of darkness for help"—there could be nothing more unjust than to refer Spiritualism to the same source. When Mr. Beecher said he would be "happy to believe" spirits did revisit the earth, but had "failed to discover it," what did he think of the Bible records of angel visitants? From beginning to end it is replete with the ministrations of spirits. Its value depends thereon, as a fundamental evidence of life after death.

An angel appears to Hagar and Jacob; an angel spoke to all the people of Bochim; Gideon saw an angel in an oak, and received therefrom the announcement of his mission to save Israel; the Witch of Endor saw gods as spirits ascending from the earth; Elijah was fed by an angel; an angel appeared to David with a drawn sword; an angel appeared to Daniel amid the flames with the three holy children, and again appeared clothed in linen, etc. An angel came to Joseph in a dream; Moses and Elias appeared with Jesus; an angel appeared to the two Marys at the sepulchre; and a spirit removed the stone from the door; an angel appeared to Zacharias in the temple; an angel appeared to Mary and announced the birth of Jesus; angels appeared to the shepherds; Mary Magdalene saw two spirits who addressed her; angels opened the prison doors and liberated the apostles; an angel came and conversed with Cornelius; Paul saw a "man" or spirit praying him to "come over to Macedonia and help us;" and the Revelations is a series of angelic visions.

From the apostolic time to the present there is an unbroken chain of evidence of the appearance of angels or spirits.

What disposition did Mr. Beecher make of all this evidence? If he dismissed as rubbish the spiritual ministrations of today, the Bible record shares the same fate.

The Beechers were a family of Spiritualists. Charles Beecher wrote a valuable book on the subject. Mrs. Beecher with her husband received remarkable manifestations, and Mrs. Hooker is an ardent advocate. It is somewhat remarkable that to Henry Ward alone his spirit friends gave messages "of such a weak, milk and watery nature" that showed intelligence so childish, "that they ought to be put in an infirmary." Spiritualists may clearly understand why he received such "milk and watery" communications. The last years of Beecher, delivered when his mind was in its zenith, were complete with the spiritual philosophy. When age came on, he returned in a marked manner to the ideas received in his youthful education. In this he furnished not a solitary example. It is often observed. Men trained in the ways of dogmatic theology become freed therefrom when they attain the full strength of their intellect, and then with age return to the rut deep grooved in their minds during their childhood.

It is a pitiable spectacle, and teaches a valuable lesson in spiritual culture which Free Thinkers ought to heed in the education of their children. They should be warned thereby that the child can not attend the orthodox Sunday school and be baptized with false ideas of nature, God, and man, without the influence of such baptism in at least a latent form, is possibly to reappear and overshadow broader views retained in mature life, as seeds of noxious weeds remain dormant in the soil for years, to spring up at the fittest moment and overshadow the more delicate vegetation.

Berlin Heights, O.
Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

PSYCHOMETRY.

REV. E. CASE.

Two instances of this wonderful phenomenon I will give for the benefit of the readers of this paper. In the first instance I hold in my hand a small piece of anthracite coal, and press my hand against my forehead with closed eyes. After a few moments everything disappears around me and I find myself descending a deep shaft in a sort of bucket or tub made for the purpose. Down, down, down we go several hundred feet and finally land in a large chamber, extending far away in a westerly direction, and dimly lighted by an occasional lamp. Several men were nearby. Deathlike silence prevailed until disturbed by an explosion in the distance, followed by a rattling of echoes. Then all is silent again. Next I hear the smothered rumbling of a wheel. Creaking along come two wheeled cars on rails drawn by women. They are miners' wives—sad, forlorn-looking creatures. It bears the marks of an English coal mine.

But the bit of coal in my hand tells a tale. I am now close voyant and carried back through ages to the time of the old period. Not a human being in sight, for there were none. But a wonderful scene, beyond description, opens before me. Thousands of trees and immense plants and shrubs, whose foliage is strange, come before my mental vision. Strange animals of gigantic size, and birds unlike those of the present age inhabit the region. It is a picture such as might be inferred from the proof that geology gives to the world. Such is the effect that a piece of coal has on the psychometrist.

I then take a letter in my hand. Its postmark is Savannah, Ga., and from an acquaintance. I press this to my forehead and close my eyes. In a few minutes I am lost to all around me, but am carried to a street in Savannah which I had never seen. There is a small tenement, but neat and tidy-looking. I find myself in an apartment containing a lady of genteel appearance. I recognize her from the letter. The lady seems troubled, as if anticipating misfortune. She says: "I cannot stand this any longer and must leave here." Then the scene changes. The house is on fire. All is consumed. I see the woman elsewhere weeping. She seems irreconcilable. Now all is blank.

A few days later, I was called into a fruit store where a lady wanted to see me. I went in, when I there stood the identical lady I had seen psychometrically through the letter. What I had seen proved true, and the trouble depicted in her countenance meant the death of her husband—of recent occurrence in this place.

As the latter was correct, may we not allow that the former was also? Is psychometry not a science worth cultivating?—Bristol, N. C.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

The Relation of Spirits to Matter.

MRS. R. S. LILLIE.

Can spirits see material objects independently, or do they need a mortal medium for that purpose?

This depends upon circumstances, and upon the spirit. Many spirits become independent in this respect, clothing themselves with sufficient of earth substances, or retaining enough to see, hear, and cognize passing events, etc., as perfectly as in the form. With others this is not the case. They see and take note from the spirit of things instead of the material side. But, as a rule, these spirits who desire to do a work on earth for any length of time so arrange matters and envelop themselves as to be in all respects qualified for the work as though in the body. That is for the purpose of seeing and coming in contact with matter.

Do Romanists Really Believe This.

The following from the *Michigan Catholic* is a fair specimen of what Catholics are expected to believe as true, coming as it does from the Holy Church, says the *American Citizen*: "Dean Wagner, of Windsor, Ontario, came to Knock some time ago in wretched health, completely broken down, and had no earthly hope of recovery. He promised Our Lady of Knock that if she, in her glorious prerogative of mercy and charity, restored him to health he would have a pure white marble statue placed on her altar, as a testimony of his gratitude. He has been cured, and sent \$500 for the statue to Archbishop Cavanagh, and this week Mr. Farrell, the sculptor, of Dublin, is engaged in erecting a marble altar to the blessed virgin and another to St. Joseph. He has two lovely statues ready to be placed on the altars. A lady of high rank when in the world, but now for many years superior of a convent near Glasgow, was the victim of a terrible disease which baffled the scientific skill of the ablest physicians, but she has been perfectly cured by the Knock cement and by the Novenas of the blessed lady. Another young lady, a convert, came here accompanied by her uncle, from London, who was at one time a Protestant minister, but now as humble and fervent Catholic. The surgeons had ordered her leg to be amputated, as they said mortification had set in. She was perfectly cured here and hung up her crutches, and that without surgeon or lance, pain or operation of any kind—*Irish American*.

DUBUQUE, IA., Nov. 3.—A car-load of cripples left here for Canton, Minn., to be cured by the vision of the virgin and children in the church window there.

The operator of this infamous swindle still runs at large and fills his pockets with the hard earned savings of his dupes while Miss Doss Debar was run out of society for infinitely less infamy.—*Patriotic American*.

Spirit Message Department

OUR FREE CIRCLE.

Every Tuesday Afternoon.

At Douglas Hall, corner Walnut and Sixth Streets. Doors open at 7:30. Questions to be answered from the platform will be received upon the following conditions: 1. They must be germane to Spiritualism. 2. Must be of an inquiring nature. 3. All personalities must be avoided. 4. The name of the questioner must be attached. 5. The name of the questioner must be attached. Mrs. J. CLEGG, Wm. H. ST. CHAIRMAN.

All communications concerning this department and questions from abroad must be addressed to: C. C. STOWELL, Room 7, 26 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

REPORT OF SEANCE.

Tuesday, November 15, 1892.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUESTION.—How is this circle conducted? Please describe the details on the spirit side.

ANSWER.—This circle is conducted by the guides of this instrument, and they help your friends to speak for themselves. There are as many anxious spirits on this side as there are incarnated in the body, and the guides of this instrument and the friends that belong to you try as best they can to come here every week to give you more and more proof of their existence. The circle is conducted on our side as you conduct it here. We call together spirits who desire to communicate. They surround us from all parts. The news has gone forth that there will be a circle in this city, and the spirits come here that they may be enabled to find some one in the far distance, and use this woman as a mouth-piece, and I, the guide, endeavor to help each spirit that comes. We have been striving for a long time to establish a circle of this kind. The one in the East is doing wonderful work, and the work here is going on and will be grand. If you could see how anxious the spirits are, and know how we have to say "No, we can not hold them longer," and how they follow the medium, you would be only too glad to welcome them. We congregate at a certain place and from there come here. If you think it takes time for us to come to you, I must say no. A thought can travel thousands and thousands of miles in a second, and so can a spirit come thousands and thousands of miles to you in a second. There are many who until to-day knew not that there was a place to meet you, and have followed you. You have many spirits that stay with you, but we bring those who have never returned, possibly, until this time. You have awakened an interest in this place, and also on the spirit side of life. You have drawn together a strong band that also hold circles over here, and who will try to get additional information, and bring more and more of your spirit friends. O friends, these spirits reach down with beautiful tokens of their love, not only in thought, but in acts, for many will comfort and many cover you with flowers. So lag not on your journey, but strive day after day to learn more. Care not for the world, but more for spirit communion, and wait patiently for the sweet messages to come to you.

QUESTION.—What would a clairvoyant be able to see as to the attending spirits and decorations of the circle-room?

ANSWER.—A clairvoyant might be able to see every emblem that this room is decorated with on the spirit side of life, for spirits bring to you beautiful emblems. Clairvoyants see them, though some but faintly. But a fully developed clairvoyant sees everything around you, and some even hear the loved ones whisper in your ears. If any one of you believe yourself thus gifted and do not see, do not be discouraged. By earnest desire you may develop soon. Many have asked why clairvoyants close their eyes when they desire to see. This is because it is not through the physical but the spiritual eye that they perceive, and it is sometimes necessary to close the eyes in order to shut out this world for the time being.

QUESTION.—How does it help a spirit in the next world to know of spirit return in this?

ANSWER.—Well, say, to day there has passed to the spirit life one who never understood it, one who did not know it was possible to return, such a one finds things so different that he scarcely knows what to do. And perchance he has been taught, and still believes, that he can not return, he can neither disabuse himself of it, and thus waits and waits and does not seem to grow spiritually. By-and-bye a spirit comes to him and says, "Do you desire to return to earth and learn more of yourself?" He replies, "How can I learn more of myself?" "You can learn that you can return and communicate." This helps the spirit and he possibly goes with the missionary, for the one who has approached this spirit is a missionary. We have missionaries over here. When the spirit has gone back to earth life he sees and understands, and again returns to the spirit home. He is then willing to learn more about spirit life and about progression there that he may return to those he loves. So, in spirit life, spirits can learn a great deal and be benefited by it, for if they hold the idea that there is no progression or way of return, they will stand still. There are many spirits who will not return to earth life because they will not accept the truth. You can not force a man here to accept the truth unless he so wills; neither can you force a spirit to accept it unless he so wills. Thus, you can stay here for ages, and if you do not desire to learn more of life, you will not. It is like a child in school who does not desire to learn; others in his class will advance, but he remains in the same place. Some have been here for ages and have not progressed because they have not given up the old idea of heaven and hell, and do not believe they can return, and do not desire to return or to learn. But when they do desire to learn, it is a grand truth to be informed that progression is eternal, and those who desire may go on and on through all eternity, learning more each day. I am glad to say that in the last few years those who have stood still for years are reaching out and trying at this day to progress. The light is breaking on many who have been in darkness, and they are beginning to listen and reach up, and we are reaching down, and as they reach up and we reach down our hands clasp and we draw them to us the same as we reach down to your spirits incarnated in the body. We are here to help you, and we throw around you our love and protection and bring you up in spirit to us, and you become wiser and better every day because you become more spiritual. The spirit world is much the same as yours. There is not such a vast difference. We have all you have, but it is more spiritual. We have all we love. You can have all you love, and it is this great bond of love that brings us back to you and that causes us to be anxious about the spirits who seem to stand still. But they are reaching out to-day, and we do not find many spirits who are not willing to progress, although at first on entering the spirit world they seem confused, and I might say to-day that there have been hundreds to enter the spirit life that have not heard of spirit life as it is. They are confused and wonder and talk about it, and say, "What means this? Why, I expected everything so different." And friends, it takes time for them to become accustomed to spirit life as it is, but still they grow. Some have to return again and again to learn lessons from you on earth. As a general thing, spirits are anxious to learn more of their own power, and each day we find some spirit uplifting some of those who have been here for ages.

QUESTION.—How does obsession differ from spirit control?

ANSWER.—You see standing before you now a woman con-

trolled by a spirit. If you look closely you will see the eyes are tightly closed. She is unconscious and knows not what she says. We have found it very difficult to use our instrument this afternoon. We can not tell you why. So we have closed her eyes and taken full control of her, but we have not entered in and taken the possession that a spirit does when you call it obsession. When spirits take possession that way they enter the body the same as your spirit is in your body, and for the time being they are living in your house in full possession of it, and they are acting of their own will, the same as I am acting out my will through this instrument, although this is not obsession, but only control in this case. I am only controlling this organism, but did I desire to obsess I would enter into and psychologize this instrument, and we would be one and the same for the time being. She would say that she was not herself, but someone else. Obsession is where a spirit is determined to return to earth life and live out a certain time in a borrowed body or house. Obsession is one of the hardest of conditions for a mortal to be placed in. You have several cases of obsession to-day in your city. I have met them as I walked with this instrument through the streets. Obsession means full possession, while control simply through hypnotic power puts the medium to sleep, and uses the vocal organs. I could use my instrument as I pleased, and make her walk through the street. I merely stand by the side of her and hypnotize or psychologize her, but if I should take full possession of her she would put on pants, coat, and vest, and declare she was not a woman. Obsession is taking full possession of the body and using it as you will.

MESSAGES.

Geo. R. Hipps.

Friends, I desire to speak just a few minutes whilst this woman is in this condition. I desire to tell you what I did. I am a spirit. I have lived many years on earth. When I entered spirit life I felt I had not done what I should, and so desired to return. I did return, and took possession of another person's body, and I lived in it for three years, and in that time tried to fulfill my wishes, and when I left that man I left him in a strange place where he knew no one and could not realize the conditions he was placed in, but I had fulfilled my mission and given to the one I desired to help. And friends, when the spirit takes possession of an instrument or body, they take it for some purpose, and I would advise every one of you to be careful, earnest, and thoughtful always, and when you feel some influence you can not understand, you had better bring forward a very strong will-power so that the spirit may not take possession of you. I am sorry now that I did this although at the time I thought it was necessary, but had I known of all the circumstances which came from this act I should have reconsidered. I come here this afternoon to say that each one of you must be very very careful, and when you begin to investigate Spiritualism see to it that you are honest and truthful to self, and see to it that you live honest and truthful lives, thereby draw to yourself honest and truthful spirits. My name is George R. Hipps, and I come from Delaware, O. I took possession of a man by the name of Dr. R. Menken. I held that man for three years, and at one time his family thought him insane and thought of putting him in the insane asylum. But he was not insane; it was I who had him in possession. But if I had it to do over again, I would not take possession in that way, but rather as I am using the instrument at this time.

Samuel Hooper.

Good afternoon, friends. I am glad to find myself here, and to be able to speak a few words to you, and also hope that I may be able to reach my loved ones by coming here. I passed out of this life about twenty years ago in a distant city, Omaha, State of Nebraska. My dear ones do not understand when or where I passed away, as I had left my home and was the cause of great sorrow to them, but I come this afternoon bringing my spirit love to them, and would have them know I am on the spirit side of life. I have been here twenty years, I think. I can not tell exactly, but I know I passed out suddenly among strangers. Carry my love to those who know and love me, and tell them I have endeavored earnestly to reach them before, but this is the first opportunity I have had of sending my love to them.

Mary Futigue.

The next spirit is a lady. I am so glad to be enabled to come here this afternoon, as I desire to send my spirit love to my husband and children. Oh, how grand and beautiful it is that we can come back and voice our love to those who still linger in the earth life. I rejoice in the spirit, for I know my loved ones are beginning to understand a little bit of the spirit truth and feel to-day that I live. They were taught that I live but afar off, but they know to day that I live, and I desire to send my love to them. I want you to send my love to my husband, daughters, and two sons, and say that their mother, Mary Futigue lives. They live at Canal Dover.

Frank Conroy.

Chairman and friends, I, too, am glad to add my testimony. I am glad that I can return to earth life and I feel a desire that my loved ones may know that I can return. I desire to send love to my daughter. I want her to know that her father is near her; I want her to know that I am always interested in all that she does, and that I feel that which she desires so much—I feel that she will be enabled in the near future to go forth and warble out the sweet notes of songs of love to those who will listen, and she will be welcome wherever she may go. I desire to send love to all friends and relatives. Some of my friends live in Wheeling; my daughter, in Washington. I lived near Wheeling, W. Va.

Dr. Schults.

I am here this afternoon to answer a desire from the heart of a loved one who is in this audience. Fear not, but know that I am always near you. If at any time I go a little distance, at it were, in the spirit realm, and you cast your thought after me, I am immediately at your side. I will guide and direct you through all the many conditions which you have to pass through in this earth life. I want you to know that I could not if I would leave you, for that love which bound us together here binds me to you still. Whenever you sit alone, know that I come there, and I am with you although you have oftentimes felt so sorry and my heart felt it would take upon it your sorrow, yet I have tried to carry the sorrow out and away from your heart.

Clarke Trescott.

Chairman and friends, I am a stranger here. No one in the room knows me, I am from near Alliance, O. Yet, I was a Spiritualist, and I loved the cause. I am glad I can rejoice, and I am glad to see this great grand truth growing so rapidly. If you could view it as I do from this higher life, and could see how many are added to the list every day you would be astonished. You would not feel that Spiritualism is growing weaker, but that it is growing stronger and stronger. That which is great grand truth can never fade away. But I did not come to talk only on Spiritualism, but to send a love message. I desire to send one to my wife and child, and I want them to know I was here to-day. I want the loved ones in Kentucky to know that I was here to-day, and that Spiritualism is true. My loved ones at home know that Spiritualism is true, but I reach out to the ones over the way, for I know they will read it. I will say seek earnestly,

for before many weeks one of your number will be called to the spirit side, and when they do go, will know they have not died but only gone one step higher in the ladder of life. I desire my wife and child to know that I am guiding them every day. I want them to know that I will have conditions better very soon, for I see the way and know there will be a change for them in the near future, when they both will be more happy. They will receive the message.

Jonathan Lyons.

Good afternoon friends. I desire to speak a few words this afternoon, and I must say that this puts me in mind of a Methodist camp meeting, or a Methodist conference meeting. Seeing so many here listening to the testimony of others brings me back to the old way, for I was a Methodist, and of all the meetings the Methodists had, the conference meeting was the one I enjoyed the most. Whilst I stand before you to-day and look around, I see many bright features here, I see many bright spirits here, I see many hungry hearted mortals here, and I would say be exceedingly glad because of the great grand age in which you live. Oh, if you could only understand as I do the great work that is going on, not only upon the earth plane but also in the spirit realm. Oh, how I do rejoice in spirit with you, and whilst I come this afternoon and talk in this way, I would say that I was a Methodist, and am not sorry, for I did learn whilst in the body that the power of the spirit was oftentimes with me, for I was what they call a shouting Methodist, and I would feel the power of the spirit come over me and I would say, "Glory to God," and meant it, and I say this afternoon "Glory to God," and mean it. I mean glory for the great light that has come over me; I mean glory for the liberation of spirits, and glory because I know there is nothing but love in that great Father of all. But I want you to know that I do not understand God as I did when I lived among you, and to-day I will say that the Father is with me and I am with him, and am happy. I belong to Cincinnati.

Katherine Stivers.

I am glad to be here friends, and hope I will not intrude. I have come a great distance in spirit, but am not a stranger in your city, as I have loved ones here whom I am with part of the time. I also have loved ones in the East, and try to divide my time between them. I am glad that my loved ones here understand this great grand truth. I am rejoiced that she is endeavoring every day to live up to the height of this truth. I am glad that I knew a little about it, because when I entered the spirit world I was not so much surprised as some of my loved ones who have come to me since I have passed over. I want you to know that you are doing all right, and I want you to keep on, and the promises that have been given will be fulfilled. There are certain conditions around you that you do not understand, but which must soon pass away. Give my love to your father and husband, and tell them I am in the home every day, and in the near future I will manifest in such a way that she will know that I am there. I am from Philadelphia.

Henry D. Powers.

I always was positive, and always expect to be. I want to take possession whilst I talk, and intend to do it. I am glad to be here to-day. I belong to the City of Nashville, and I was one of those who would not listen. I did not believe in Spiritualism, and I would not listen but did all I could to silence those who talked with me on the subject. It was my fate to be carried away suddenly, and I was surprised to find that I had made a great mistake, for when I could have learned I would not, and so as I return to-day to talk to you I would say if there is one here who doubts the assertion I now make I would advise him to investigate and find out for himself and not pooh pooh any matter he does not understand, for I thought I was very wise and knew it all, but when I entered spirit life I found I knew nothing. I came here this afternoon to talk a little while with you, and to send a love message to my friends in Florida, at a place called Dutton. I want them to know that I live, and I want my wife to know I understand all that is transpiring on earth, and am satisfied with the change she has made since I left the body. I want my son to know I am not satisfied with the change he had made. I take this opportunity because he will not attend a seance but will read your paper. I can not talk too earnestly upon this subject, for I feel it is necessary for each and every one of you to prepare for this higher life. I know that I made this mistake, I had the opportunity and I did not, and to-day I have to come and go to learn the lessons I should have learned before I can attain the higher knowledge in the spirit life. If I have the opportunity to re-enter my body for ten years, I would gain all the knowledge of spirit life I possibly could.

A. Wilson.

My age is forty-five years, and I was killed by the railway near Cincinnati. I am from Winton Place, Ohio. I am here this afternoon to bring my spirit love to many. I was taken away suddenly by accident, but I find I still have interest in the earth plane. I was killed by the railway, and still have this terrible feeling in the left arm. (He is a heavy set man with bluish grey eyes).

Charles Bush.

I am glad to be here this afternoon. I wish to give my love to the loved ones who cared for me. I want my mother to know I am with her every day; I want her to know I am happy and contented. I have with me two others that belong to our family and who passed out before me. I want mother still to go on; I want her to persevere, and by-and-bye the desire of her heart shall be granted her. I belong here.

John Wagner.

I desire to voice my love to my loved ones to-day. I was not a Spiritualist, and did not know anything about it. I am glad my wife has begun investigating. I am from Dayton, Ohio.

Louis Steivus.

I was good at heart when I was here, but my mind was too weak. I died with the tremens. Can I do any good by coming and showing to others what they will suffer if they do as I did? I passed out at Baltimore, and they brought my body back to Wheeling, and there it was opened. O, friends, if you could but see the horrible condition the liquor had produced. My life was made a hell. O, friends, remember if you do as I did you will suffer too. I can not talk as I would, but sometime maybe I can.

Pat Muldoon.

I am glad to come back here. I came here a few weeks ago to speak through a medium, but she wouldn't allow me to vocalize her. She sits right by the window with yellow feathers in her hat. I died up here in Columbus, Ohio, and my tombstone is there. I wanted to speak that day, and am glad I have the opportunity to speak now. I shall use that lady some day. I am much obliged to this control for allowing me to come.

Edna.

A little girl brings a wreath of flowers, and I see the words "Light and Truth." She says: "Grandmother, I bring these to you and to the world," and underneath it I see the word Edna. (This was recognized by a member of the audience.)

The Progressive Lyceum.

Opening Song.

SPIRIT LAND.

AIR—"Rush Land."
There is a land of light divine
Where every blessing may be mine;
And where the angels kindly wait
To meet me at the open gate.

CHORUS.
Oh, spirit land! Bright spirit land,
Upon the earthly hills I stand,
And just across the dying sea
Dear angel hands are beckoning me:
And I can see the open door,
The home of all forevermore.

2. Here angels come and talk with me
Of that dear home across the sea,
And I can hear their angel tread
Although they're numbered with the dead.

3. They bring me messages of love
From those whose paths the realms above,
That help to stay my weary feet
Till I, too, walk the heavenly street.

4. Rejoice, my soul! Give thanks and sing!
Let all the earth with music ring;
The dawning of that day is here
When love shall banish doubt and fear.

U. R. W.

From Inspirational Hymns.

Silver Chain Recitation.

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

Answer, O soul! what is the sweetest and best of all things?

Love.

What is the worst?

Cruelty.

Answer, O soul! what is the noblest of all things?

To do our duty.

What is the basest?

To be treacherous towards others.

Answer, O soul! what is the grandest of all things?

The divine mind.

What is the meanest?

An envious disposition.

Answer, O soul! what is the purest of all things?

Charity.

What is the foulest?

A slanderous tongue.

Answer, O soul! what is the most beautiful of all things?

A good life.

What is the ugliest?

A deformed spirit.

Answer, O soul! what is the wisest of all things?

Adherence to truth.

What is the most foolish?

Vanity.

Answer, O soul! what is the rarest of all things?

A mind which is wholly self-sustaining.

What is the most pleasing of all things?

A contemplation of all God's excellencies.

What is the most distressing?

A contemplation of vice and her attendant evils.

[NOTE.—The Silver Chain Recitation is alternate reading by the conductor and the classes.]

LESSON. SUGGESTIVE OUTLINE.

[NOTE.—In the discussion of the lesson it should be a fundamental rule never to be departed from that in which all are expected to express their views fully and freely, there must not be any indulgence in personality or antagonistic debate. It is the truth, not what any individual thinks that truth to be, that should engage attention.]

RELIGION—what is it? The strongest motive actuating man—glance at religion among savage races. Has every great race of mankind a religion peculiar to itself? Yes, the Chinese have Confucius and the sacred Book of Kings; the Mohammedan, Mohammed and Al Koran; the Hindoo, the Vedas; the Persian, the Zend Avesta; the Jew, Moses and the Old Testament; the Christian, Jesus Christ and both the Old and New Testaments. Religion of the Catholics—of the Protestant sects. Is religion obedience to creeds or to moral obligations? What is obedience to God? Is it not to be true to our constitution? What is duty to God? What do we owe Him? Can He be angry? offended? Can He punish? What authority has the Bible? The authority of the truth it contains. What is a Church? Divine or human? Which is the most valuable, forms and creeds, or morality? Has the Church or any organization the right to decide what is truth? In the highest view of religion, is man responsible directly to God or himself? Will you define that higher view of religion?

Devotion to the Right, consecration to Duty, unshrinking self-sacrifice.

Closing Song.

AIR—"Lenox."

1. Spirit of love descend
And breathe on us to-night,
That we our powers may lend
To give to others light.
So shall our time be wisely spent
While we're on gaining wisdom bent.

2. Oh, let Thy breath distill
Like dew upon the flowers,
Till our hearts shall fill
With Thine own mystic powers;
Then as we walk in wisdom's rays
We'll strive the drooping heads to raise.

3. Breathe on us, spirits pure,
Filling our souls with light,
Then shall we firm endure
While battling for the right.
Like valiant soldiers must we fight
If we would see the reign of right.

All Mortal Acts Continue in Spirit.

It seems as though the spirit of war still hovers over the battlefield of Chickamauga, for the laborers on the work some 125 in number, have organized a military company. Every Sunday and days when work is not in progress they form into line, and under the command of an old negro, who served in the war, march and countermarch in the most approved military style.

The negroes live in a camp about a mile east of Battlefield Station. Strange to say, the overseers have no trouble in keeping them in camp after dark. In fact, it is difficult to get one of them to go away from the camp after the shades of night have fallen.

Their disinclination to go away is due solely to superstition. Many negroes claim they can hear the muffled tread of armed hosts every night, and not a few can be found who will make solemn oath that they have on several occasions seen phantom armies drawn up in lines of battle advancing towards each other. When the lines meet they disappear in mist only to reappear and rehearse the same performance.—*Chattanooga Times.*

In Australia, where the government owns the railways, a ticket for a 1,000-mile journey costs \$5.50. In Canada, where the railways appear to own the government, a ticket for the same distance costs \$30.—*Toronto Secular Thought.*

THE WOMEN'S CLUB.

Conducted by Emma Hood Tuttle.

SHE IS THE LIGHT.

A woman—on so far as she belongs
Her own beloved's heart
A mother—with a great heart that enfolds
The children of the race
A body free and strong, with that high beauty
That comes of perfect age, to build the world,
And mind—where woman rules over Duty,
And justice reigns with Love.
A self—poor, royal soul, brave, wise, and tender,
Who brings to the world a new and better
A woman—of yet unknown splendor,
Is she who is to come.

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

We cordially invite contributions suitable for this department, and
assure you they will receive prompt attention. Do not wait till you
have something good to say—whatever is of daily interest and moment
to you, will be to the members of our Club. Consider yourself free, ex-
cepted to do your part in entertaining the others. Please write on a
sheet of paper, and address all matter for publication to Emma Hood
Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

THE MESSAGE OF AN ANGEL.

[Our king is eternal truth, and his angel herald is free-
thought. We can join in the following jubilant song without
any mental reservation.—ED.]

O, the King has sent a messenger,
A messenger, starting straight,
Of his coming, his coming, for his near;
Let us spread it, brothers, hasten,
Hearts will thrill and eyes will glisten,
Loyal lips will laugh with welcome as they hear.
Who has brought it? 'Tis an angel—
Yes, the heavenly evangel
Has come winging, singing through the stars,
A full-armed and radiant soldier,
Brighter, better, wiser, bolder
Than the best that ever rode through earthly wars.
'Tis an angel's message, brothers,
To be borne abroad by others—
Borne by humans who are servants of the King.
Write it, pray it, sing it, shout it,
Tell the people, world about it,
Till the sunny domes above us with it ring.
'Tis an angel's message; brightly
Come its sweet tones, blending whitely
With all thoughts and words and deeds that upward tend
Pure, oh, pure must be our spirits
Worthily to speak its merits,
Or our ready service worthily to lend.
O, our Father, hear us offer
All poor human souls can proffer
Of our strength, our means, our work, our life to Thee;
Fit us, and with swift hasting,
Courage, hope, and joyful trusting,
Till earth's end shall come, we'll spread thy message free.
—Advent Review.

While your hearts have not yet forgotten our tender sym-
pathies toward the exemplary lady who so sadly finished her
labors in the White House, and with all the honors a sym-
pathizing nation could bestow, was borne back to her Western
home shrouded in that "white mystery" which we call death.
We can not forbear to congratulate the young woman whom
the recent election makes her probable successor. Mrs. Cleve-
land seems to be full of the wholesome joy of living, and to
possess a degree of independence which, we trust, will give
her a happy and useful term as mistress of the White House.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

What a pleasant labor it is to get ready for Thanksgiving.
Affection is such an inspirator when the yearly feast and
home-gathering furnish so much for the housewife's execu-
tive ability to complete. The house must look cheerful, es-
pecially the rooms which used to be the children's before they
went out into the world from the old home. There is the lit-
tle book-shelf which your little boy made when he first tried to
use tools and wanted a place for his own story-books and his
school-books. You could never make up your mind to throw it
by, if it does look rude almost to being comical, so you drop
a little silk olive or Venetian silk over the book which sup-
ports it and let it fall over the ends in a careless way, being
very careful not to hide entirely the old treasure. He, your
boy, will like to know mother treasures the old books and
the shelf he made.

The bed he used to sleep in must look as it used to when
his little tired body used to lie down for mother to tuck him
in. How often he used to say: "I never slept in a bed as
good as this!" And the girls' room—there is the fancy work
they did when they were learning, and you had need to watch
them quite closely. Oh, the knots which would get in the
threads, all of which mamma must pick out; and the tracing
must be gone over for fear it was not right. There the dear
old things are and must be looking tidy when the girls come
home Thanksgiving. The splashers, the mats, the rugs, the
cushions—how well I remember when the untrained fingers
made them and left them for mother when they went away.
Then the drawing-room and dining-room must be brightened
up with some of the scarlet bitter-sweet berries they used to
delight in, and the rosiest apples must be piled in pretty
baskets to help decorate and to tempt the taste. Oh, there
are so many sweet things to do before Thanksgiving!

And the dinner! Cooking is never quite as charming work
as it is before the family-gathering day. We are perfectly
willing to seed raisins, strain pumpkins, burn our fingers or
blister our faces for the sake of the dear ones. It does not
hurt a bit then. The great gobble that goes about, as one of
my little-boy friends expresses it, "puckering himself up at
everybody and wearing a great, big red button-hole bouquet"
—meaning his wattles—must contribute to the feast, and that
is the only thing I hate about Thanksgiving! But he must
never know what ailed him, so quick and painless must be his
change from a live turkey to a dressed turkey. The oysters
to scallop, the vegetables to prepare; fat yellow squashes,
globed onions, sweet turnips, cold slaw, potatoes, the pies,
the cakes, etc., etc., and all made for love's sake, and partaken
of in the spirit of love. Oh, Thanksgiving is the dearest of
all the holidays for it is the day of home gathering.

"NOTHING TO WEAR!"

How discouraging it is to the masculine portion of the
home establishment, who, from hereditary instincts, feel re-
sponsible as to furnishing the necessary money to keep up the
wardrobes of the ladies of the house, to always hear, when
an invitation is received, the doleful ejaculation: "Oh, dear!
I should like to go but I've nothing to wear. Are you sure
you have not? Do you know the wonderful effects which
may be gotten by the exercise of ingenuity and taste, with
little necessities such as lace, flowers, ribbons, etc., on old
dresses? A vivacious, sympathetic, happy face, a bunch of
fresh flowers, a bit of pretty lace, and a body thoroughly
cared for, emanating a healthy, sweet magnetism will carry a
new dress through a reception or even a Thanksgiving
dinner unnoticed. If you discredit my opinion here is a proof
of what I say from higher authority:

"The first season that the Jersey Lily spent in London
found her the possessor of one evening gown, and that a very
simple black. Immediately after her picture appeared she be-
came the rage, and duchesses themselves did not hesitate to
stand on chairs to get a glimpse of her as she passed. Every-
where she wore the black gown. One night it was turned in
so that her beautiful throat showed; another night it was
drawn up close to her neck and a bunch of white lilies against
it brought out its blackness and her fairness. It was mended,
it was pressed, but at reception or ball all that season the

beautiful woman wore the black gown. Later on, when even-
ing dresses were very ordinary things to her, she said most
positively: "Never tell me that a woman can't dress well with
but a single frock. I know that she can not only look well,
but always be distinguished, and I know it through the best
teacher of all—experience."

A SPINSTER'S CONFESSION.

"Would I marry?" laughed a lovely young lady of twenty-
five, dependent on her own income as teacher for support.
"Well, no. When I consider the lot of my married friends I
am thankful for common sense enough to remain single. I
thoroughly enjoy my free, unfettered life. To be sure, I go
to my work in the school room each day, but my married
friends have household cares as imperative as mine, with far
greater chances of failing to give satisfaction. I have no hus-
band to find fault with the coffee or the state of my wardrobe,
no children to worry my peaceful hours, no servants to cater
to. I have not to plan for three times 365 meals each year,
and no hungry family comes in to devour in one brief hour
the results of my hard morning's toil in the kitchen.

"No stern tyrant of a husband deals out with grudging
hand small bank bills to supply my needs and those of his
children. If I am engulfed in a whirlpool of extravagance,
and purchase a lovely gown, a pair of delectable evening
boots, or a morsel of a French bonnet, I can endure the re-
proaches of my own conscience with some equanimity, but
the scowls of an angry spouse would wither my very soul.
When the heated summer vacation comes, there is a whole
continent at my disposal, and according as I have been eco-
nomical or luxurious I may choose my summer outing.

"Old age? Yes, it may come to me. It will come to my
married friends, and may find them widows with a half dozen
children to work for. But if the worst comes, and I can not
work or find a snug corner in an old lady's home, I fancy I
could win some gray-haired lover who would offer me a home.
There are generally some around, you know?" And the cold-
hearted little beauty whisked off around the corner, leaving
her married friend to reflect that perhaps all the advantages
were not with the matrimonial state, as she had been taught
to believe. There is nothing like being satisfied with one's
lot; but it does not follow that every husband is a stern ty-
rant, and the very girl who finds so many reasons and apolo-
gies for not being married must admit that there are times
when a good man is handy to have about the house.—Ger-
mantown Telegraph.

WOMEN'S CLUB CORRESPONDENCE.

A BROTHER CALLS AT THE LADIES' ROOMS.

Dear Editor: I beg leave to write you in the interest of
Spiritualism. I am one of a band of struggling Spiritualists
and we want help in our search for truth. Can you or any of
your Club assist us by answering the following questions:

- 1st. Is there any society that would send us a good speaker
or medium?
- 2d. Please send us the name of some good test-medium
near here.
- 3d. How should we form or conduct circles?
- 4th. What will tend to help spirit control?
- 5th. What kind of a medium will I make, if any?
- 6th. How can we convince people of Spiritualism?

Hoping to hear from you soon, I am yours to command
for Spiritualism, FRED CARR.

We realize the difficulties you have to meet, and as Spiritu-
alism is a matter of growth more than of conviction, you
will need much patience before you get a satisfactory visible
effect.

I do not know that there is any bureau which furnishes
Spiritualist speakers, but the spiritual papers give the names
and addresses of many, and also of test mediums. I can not
tell you which are most reliable or nearest you. J. Frank
Baxter speaks, sings, and gives public tests; Frank Ripley
speaks and gives tests; Maggie Gaule is considered an
excellent test-medium for public meetings. There are many
others. I do not know their terms and so am unable to give
the direct information you need.

My own idea of advancement and healthy growth is that
it is best gained by working yourselves and not waiting for
either spirits or mortals to push you along. I mail you a copy
of the tract, "What is Spiritualism," by Hudson Tuttle and
Dr. John Wyman, in which are directions for conducting cir-
cles and other things which may aid you. Meet every Sun-
day, or when you choose, and hold a circle if it pleases you to
do so. Choose some question upon which all are allowed to
express an opinion for discussion, sing, recite, give wise and
good quotations from authors, and you will find it easy to
have a "good meeting," which will be a means of development
much more effective than idly waiting to be moved upon. Be
careful not to have one take up all the time, but let every
member do a part, if only a small part—a flower, or a motto
repeated is often a great help. Think of the coming meeting
all the week, not to the neglect of other business, but remem-
ber it and your mind will evolve something worth your while.
Have your meetings conducted in a dignified way and on a
plan. If, as you say, you are a struggling society, you can
save your money and grow faster than if you hire speakers to
convert people who are not ready to listen. Take your spare
change and throw a few progressive tracts or newspapers in
your neighbor's way; they will read them "on the sly" when
they would not go to meetings. When you can afford it a
foreign speaker makes a good change of diet.

Do not experiment to find out what kind of a medium you
will make. Make up your mind what manner of man you
wish to be and work to the ideal; if spirits can add inspira-
tion to your ambition that is your gain. Thankfully take all
the help they can give you.

Our first needs are physical—we need business capability,
means for support—and especially mental ability to plan our
own life work. All this looks more difficult than to be con-
trolled and directed entirely by spirits, but it is the only safe
way to secure strength and independence.

Wishing you the greatest good luck, and that you will call
again at the Club, I am yours cordially, Ed.

FROM THE AUTHOR OF A NEW LESSON-BOOK FOR THE USE OF
LYCEUMS.

Dear Editor: Feeling for a long time that Spiritualists
were sadly neglecting their golden opportunities, as well as
their evident duties toward their children, I had watched
with great interest every effort put forth on that line; but al-
ways came the feeling that the foundation was lacking; that
everyone was trying to educate from the top downward where
it should be just the reverse.

As I was meditating upon this matter a voice from the
spiritual realm made itself felt, and left an impression of
which I could not rid myself; it was this: Waste no more time
dreaming about what should be, but do yourself that which
needs doing. I obeyed, according to my ability, and now offer
"Easy Lessons in Spiritual Science" as a result. I
hope it is a good beginning. I can now furnish the books at
ten cents a copy or one dollar a dozen. I was glad when I
read the call from California that my offering was so near
ready.

Your greeting had the right ring. Surely ours is the one
aim, and we should clasp hands to encourage and strengthen.

Lovingly,
MRS. F. PAINE,
330 Main Street, Palmyra, N. Y.
[In another column will be found a review of this excellent
book. It will be a useful helper. Order at once.—Ed.]

Spiritualist Lecturers

[Insuring that this list of lecturers should be
kept correct, we request those interested to inform
us of any additions or changes that may be necessary.]

Mrs. M. C. Atlow, Barlow Landing, Va.
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A. WILLIS, Materializing Medium,

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and, if necessary, I will give your letter my at-
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Kauch upon which the colony is located, with
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The matter is in the hands of a committee of
citizens, appointed to represent them. Every
Spiritualist should send to the secretary for a
free circular containing the plans and acquaint
himself with a matter which is of greater
importance to the cause of Spiritualism than
any which has ever been undertaken before.
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W. D. WHEELER,
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Mrs. Hannah Clayton, Deputy N. D. C. Developing Medium,

Will hold Developing Circles at 345 CENTRAL
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eases, and give Advice on Business,
Send lock of hair, one dollar, and three 2-cent
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Send three 2-cent stamps, lock of hair, age,
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disease will be diagnosed free by spirit power.
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Consult with PROF. A. B. SEVER-
ANCE in all matters pertaining to prac-
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Will answer three questions free of
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Get well. Send \$1 for a Bottle of
Elixir of Life. A spirit remedy. Purely
Vegetable, and Magnetized. Positively renews
life. Thousands rejoice over health restored.
For blood, liver and kidney ailments there is
no better remedy made. Send for circular. DR.
E. K. MYERS, Clinton, Iowa.

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Have you the Catarrh, Weak Eyes, Impure
Blood or Indigestion, my treatment will cure
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better blood and liver remedy. When all are
ordered at the same time will send postpaid for
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Melted Pebble Spectacles restore lost vision.
Write for illustrated catalogue and how to be
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Miss Judson's Books.

WHY SHE BECAME A SPIRITUALIST
Contents: Portrait and life of author; her
method of going into spirit influence; twelve
lectures; communications from her missionary
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10 cents.

NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS, Continued.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

—Dr. F. L. H. Willis has returned to 40 Avenue B, Rochester, N. Y., from his Summer home, Glenora, N. Y., where all mail should be addressed.

—Prof. F. F. and Mrs. Lizzie Hartmann, of Boston, healing and developing mediums, will answer calls to hold circles at private houses, where they answer questions and give character-readings, tests, and predictions to every one present. Address, 135 John Street, this city.

—An interesting and novel seance will be given at Union Society Hall on Wednesday evening, November 30th. It will be strictly devoted to tests and phenomena. Among the mediums participating are Mrs. Kibby, Mrs. Weeks, and as also Mr. Archer, Mr. Willis, and Mr. Donovan. Admission 25 cents. Seance begins promptly at 8 o'clock, when the doors will be closed for the evening.

—We understand that the highly gifted and cultured speaker, Dr. F. L. H. Willis will address the Cleveland people the last two Sundays in December. Dr. Willis is one of the brightest gems in our lecture field, and the Cleveland public may be congratulated for this rare treat. He appears before the Independent Lecture Course, of which C. Bird Gould is manager, and which holds its sessions at Army and Navy Hall, one of the finest in the city.

—The Ladies' Aid Society opened their meeting promptly at 7:30 p. m., Wednesday, November 10th, in G. A. R. Hall, thanks to the plan of substituting. The business on hand was devising ways and means for the success of the Thanksgiving supper. Tickets were distributed to be sold, business ended and the social began. One spirit, that of a young girl, made a great effort to reach some one present. She seemed lost and wandered from one to another until she found the only one she knew, a lady visitor, and compelling Monteka (the Indian guide of Mrs. Wolf) to kneel. She sobbed out her joy at being able to return upon the shoulder of this friend she had found. She was a stranger in a strange place, was not recognized, and not until soothed and comforted was she enabled to give her name. Then she thanked the lady to whom she came for the only ray of light in regard to the wonder of spirit return she had ever received while upon earth life. It is very pathetic this coming back of spirits with the desire to meet relatives in distant places who are ignorant of the truths of Spiritualism. Their pleasure in being able to speak to us and their gratitude for encouragement brings tears to the eyes of many who witness these scenes as they occur from week to week. There was something quite comical when old Monteka resisted and protested against what she supposed was bending the knee in prayer. But with the true spirit of helpfulness, always shown to us from our Indian friends on the unseen side of life, she knelt and a beautiful test was given.—L. A. R.

—Hon. A. B. French graced the spiritual rostrum at G. A. R. Hall last Sunday. It was his first appearance here in this capacity since 1886. Upon his introduction by the president of the Union Society, Mr. Hare, the speaker referred to this interval as years full of care, struggle, and toil with many changes in the individual and the world's thought, and that after so long an absence one naturally looks around for old faces, but they are missing and new ones have taken their places. But the cause is the same—truth marching on forever and keeping pace with progress. His morning's discourse was on "The Land of the so-called Dead," in which he portrayed the various heavens and hells of the more prominent religions of earth. It was an interesting lecture, full of food for reflection and highly appreciated as was evidenced by the effect it had on the hearers.

The evening lecture was on the "Religion of Spiritualism," and brought out the full force of the speaker as an inspirational medium of rare merit, and, as many thought, unequalled in the field in this line. To the "silver-tongued orator" was added the specification of "peer of the rostrum."

As an introductory to his theme, Mr. French said: "All progress is change. It is transition from one state or condition to another. Our scientists tell us the law by which progress is maintained is definite and universal. They say the order of evolution is from the simple to the complex. This order is the method of nature. It is getting and giving. So we grow by what we get, and equally as much by what we give. Wherever we find an organism in which this is lacking we find a fossil. When Egypt became too poor to lend and too proud to borrow she died as a power. So it is with individuals. Whenever a man refuses to get a truth or give one he becomes fossilized. Religious folks claim that old truths are sacred and that it is dangerous to seek new ones. These have swerved from the law of progress. Spiritualism is above this, and the consequence is its marvellous growth. Some may think this irreligious, but it is not. Science even is not irreligious, for it leads to light. All true religion leads to higher eminences, for it teaches that every finite form carries infinity within. Nothing is lost. The sunbeam that fell on a carboniferous age returns to us to-day and proclaims that all is preserved. So Spiritualism accepts all the truths of the past, only that it rejects the old god-idea of personality, but replaces it with a higher conception in universality—an intelligent law—a life current that bears man on to sublimer regions and a better understanding of existence."

The speaker also dwelt on the old devil-theory in like manner, the personality of which he doffed as a sort of "chief of police in every well-regulated orthodox community," always on hand to do services assigned to him, but now dead, and only awaiting memorial services to be held over him as the finale to that which was. But, added he, this does not entail upon Spiritualism any particular degree of optimism, for Spiritualists are just as conscious of evil as ever, only that they find it in the individual as sensualism and selfishness that has to be combated to reach a future heaven—that each one has to build a bridge through good works in order to attain it.

Resurrection was depicted as rebirth of the soul at death of the body, word picturing it in beautiful style. Judgment day as a myth that collapsed with the proof of spirit return. But in substitution thereof he showed that we are constantly being judged by our fellow-men, and which had much to do with our behavior. But for all that justice is not wanting. All will receive compensation by virtue of law, just as none can escape the mirror of his own consciousness. The fear of death has also been transformed into a happy anticipation through the new revelation. In fact the religion of Spiritualism has changed the old graveyard idea into a beautiful flower garden, and the old monotonous material heaven into a spiritual home of love. In closing he said, go and tell the world of these new truths that it may feel the blessing of an enlightened Spiritualism.

Mr. French closes his engagement next Sunday, when he will deliver a discourse at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Baltimore, Md.

Miss Maggie Gaule's seance at Wurtzburger Hall last Sunday was a remarkable event. The large hall was crowded to suffocation, and many investigators had to return home, disappointed at not finding even standing-room. Miss Gaule, who had risen from a sick-bed to keep her appointment with the Religio Philosophical Society, was at her best as a clairvoyant. She gave many tests, all of which were recognized. Among others, she told a lady: "This is the anniversary of your son's passing away, and you went to his grave this morning, strewing it with flowers and shedding bitter tears. Your son is here, standing close to you. He bids you mourn no more, but rejoice, for he is happy, and always near, though hidden from sight." She went on, giving a comforting message to the bereaved mother, who exclaimed amid her tears: "These are the very words my husband spoke to me when I returned from the cemetery."

I can not omit mentioning a fact of which the public has no knowledge, and which speaks highly of Miss Gaule's generosity and devotion to the cause. When the treasurer, after the meeting, handed her the sum agreed upon for her services, she declined taking the money, and begged that it be turned over to the society's "Temple Fund."

Although young and struggling the society resolved, some time ago, to raise enough money to erect a building of their own, exclusively devoted to Spiritualist meetings and services. They have already given several entertainments in furtherance of this project, and are preparing to hold a fair this Winter, which it is hoped, will bring them a good round sum. The ladies have taken this matter in hand, and with them there is no such word as fail. So goes the good work here.

At their last business meeting the society considered the resignations of the president and treasurer, who, owing to other occupations and failing health could not discharge their official duties to their own satisfaction. An election was held, which resulted in the unanimous choice of F. A. Everett for president, and H. F. Gauss for treasurer. No better selection could have been made; both of these gentlemen are tried and devoted Spiritualists, highly respected and very popular.

Milwaukee, Wis.

I have been laboring in this town for the best part of a month now, and have a good field to work in. The people are an intelligent class, seeking for the truth of spirit return. Our audiences are good ones, and a more attentive audience I never talked to. We hold meetings in Severance Hall, which is a very commodious one, and Sundays find it well filled with Spiritualists.

Mr. N. C. Neck is president, and Mary E. Van Horn is vice president, both of whom are good workers for the cause. Moses Hall is engaged for next month, and he will find plenty of listeners to his peculiar style of oratory.

I have one class of twenty-one persons, and another of eight persons whom I am trying to develop as mediums. As I am an old hand at mesmerizing I find I can use this power to bring out the latent mediumship of mediumistic persons. So I am having good success.

I am in the field to work and am open for engagements. My address for November is 1611 Cedar Street, Milwaukee, Wis., after that time 120 13th Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Fraternally yours, J. W. DENNIS.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis in Chicago.

Dr. Fred L. H. Willis was so well pleased with Chicago and the friends he met here last winter that he has signified his willingness to make another and a longer visit, commencing with the first Sunday in January, '93.

Those having the matter in charge are more pleased with the doctor and his utterances than he can possibly be with them or with Chicago, and it is their wish to establish a grand free meeting with Dr. Willis as speaker for an indefinite time, at such place and hour as may be decided upon by those financially interested in these meetings. We wish a guarantee fund for the expenses, so that there will be no admission fee at the door, and I would ask all friends of the doctor to write me how much they are willing to subscribe towards defraying the expenses of these meetings for the month of January, '93.

Dr. Willis has no superior as a speaker on the spiritual rostrum to-day. He is not very strong physically and can not be with us long; let us hear him while we can. Drop a line saying how much you are interested to.

A. WELDON, Sec'y pro tem,
Box 381, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. E. D. Babbitt and his College of Magnetics.

Dr. E. D. Babbitt, who, after years of unremitting study and experimental investigation has enlisted the subtle forces as curative agents, and apparently with remarkable success. He is Dean of the New York College of Magnetics, No. 1 West Fourteenth Street, N. Y., an Institute of refined Therapeutics, which is fast becoming of world-wide fame, and attracting students from many countries. It builds on exact science, and includes the Magnetic, Electric, Chemical, Solar and Spiritual forces which underlie everything in the world. Its course can be taken at home, and a diploma conferring the title of D. M., Doctor of Magnetics, granted.

Dr. Babbitt is the author of several valuable books on the subject on which he is an enthusiast. While the institution affords facilities for the demonstration and application of the light treatment, many will find it inconvenient to attend. Such will find the study of the doctor's methods at home both pleasant and profitable.

Dr. Babbitt has entered the vestibule of the real forces which move the world of inorganic and organic life. It would be saying of him far more than he claims that he has the truth in its entirety, but he has advanced beyond all others and opened the way, and given direction for discoveries, the magnitude of which can not be appreciated.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Berlin Heights, O.

NOTES FROM ALL POINTS.

Dubuque, Ia.—Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, who are on their way to California, stopped over here and gave several weeks of their services to interested audiences. More anon.

San Bernardino, Cal.—J. Madison Allen has been lecturing and giving readings in this city with gratifying success. After the Sunday morning services he takes the train for Los Angeles, where he lectures in the evening, and where he has also been very cordially received. He may be addressed at San Bernardino until December 1st.

Cherryvale, Kan.—I lectured here last week to a large and intelligent audience. These are the first spiritualistic lectures ever given here. The people are much interested in the subject, and sought eagerly for copies of LIGHT OF TRUTH. Hope to send a more complete report of the work here.—Mrs. M. T. Allen.

Akron, O.—A correspondent writes that C. J. Barnes, the popular trumpet medium, is giving seances in this place to large and interested circles. Spiritualism is making headway there, as converts are being added to the ranks from week to week. Much enthusiasm is manifested among the faithful. Mr. Barnes will remain in Akron until December 1st, and friends should not miss the opportunity of seeing him before this time expires.

OBITUARY.

From her home in Newburyport, Mass., Harriet M. Littlefield, on November 4th, passed into the vast beyond at the age of seventy-six years and four months. She had labored zealously in the cause of Spiritualism ever since its advent in 1845, and was one of the few women who have the courage of their convictions, and not ashamed of her religion. She even dared maintain what to her was the truth, founded not on faith, but a knowledge that could not be resisted. Hers was an every-day Spiritualism, and the purity of her life, coupled with her earnestness and devotion to principle won for her such a respect from those not in sympathy with her religion as to endear her as a neighbor and friend as long as conscious memory endures. The lamp of her physical existence has ceased to burn, but the life of her unselfish life grows brighter, so that friends remaining may see the path she trod, and, emulating her example, prove as she did a faithful friend to humanity. The funeral obsequies were held at her late residence on Olive street, Monday November 7th. Dr. Thorndyke of Haverhill, Mass., officiating.

SOLILQUY OF THE SPIRIT TO THE SOUL.

Is it well with thee, O my soul, my soul,
Since the river of death we have crossed,
And are free from the narrow limiting control
Of the pulsating bark, storm-tossed,
Death came so sweet, we did receive
New volumes of thought and communion of love,
While in the sweet bliss throes, its unwritten laws
Waved from the hill-tops of wisdom above.

Oh, it is joy, to stand near the throng,
When glorified goodness in songs is given,
To the soul that has passed from the lowlands at dawn,
To its long for sweet welcome in heaven.

Friends, let no wall, no mourning be heard;
Let not calumny and distrust their sweet offering bring,
Let no breeze of distrust o'er my grave ever stirred,
To blend with the trumpet, O death, where's thy sting!

O'er the grave let no sad tones be moaned,
Let no false praises be carved on a slab,
For the soul's aspirations you never have known—
And could not, therefore, judge the god from the bad.

I builded a mansion for thee, O my soul;
A mansion wherein thou canst rest
As the swift flying years of my earth life did roll,
I trusted the peace of the infinite breast.

Thou hadst no fear, my soul, O my soul;
No fear the dark waters to cross o'er alone,
At the bridge the bright angels charged us no toll,
And the dead ones were waiting to greet us at home.

A dear one, more dear than all of my earth life above,
That dwelt in the glorified mansions above,
My guardian, my mate, there crowned me as blest,
Oh! with the reward of undying love.

—ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

At her home in Santa Ana, Cal., on November 2, 1892, Mrs. Mary J. Blood was translated to the realms immortal. She was born on the grand old hills of the Granite State in the year 1827. Her life was that of a friend to the depressed, a comfort to the sick, and a support to the lame. One of the first to enter the ranks of the Spiritualists she always labored to the advancement of human kind. The most fitting memorial services ever my lot to witness were held in Liberty Hall, Summerland, on November 6th, under the auspices of the Ladies' Mite Society, of which she was vice-president, and conducted by her brother, Professor J. S. Loveland. The joy and beauty of death was the theme. The professor spoke from the heart, and the soul flights were remarkable, and carried his hearers direct to the gates ajar. The floral offering of the Mite Society was beautiful in the extreme, and the response of Mrs. Nettie B. Snow added the sublimity of poetry to the tribute.

Oh, beautiful messenger, flowers!
Thou seemest a voice from the spheres,
Whence a language complete than our own,
Breathes its whisperings to soften our tears.

Thy perfume, that essence ideal,
That hails one the true life of love
Thy beauty, a type of the real
Perfection of spirit above.

H. CORNELL.

Lockport, N. Y.

That the many readers of your valued paper may know just how Spiritualism is flourishing in the "Lock City," I write to say that the United Progressive Club is steadily adding to its membership, and consequently increasing its usefulness.

Mrs. Anna L. Robinson is still our regular speaker, and she may justly feel proud of her success as a medium through whom the spirit world is doing so grand a work. Mrs. Robinson has been engaged for the opening of Haslet Park Camp next Summer.

The Fireside Workers, an organization composed of the ladies of the club, meet alternate Wednesday afternoons, and in the evening the gentlemen are invited, refreshments are served, and the time passes pleasantly with charades, games, and social converse.

A series of dancing parties given by the club are among the social enjoyments.

We wish that every community could enjoy the spiritual blessings with which we are surrounded.

Portland, Ore.

The First Spiritual Society of this city holds meetings three times each week in the G. A. R. Hall, corner First and Taylor Streets. The Sunday morning meeting consists of short talks on subjects pertaining to the cause by members of the audience.

At the Sunday evening meeting Mr. S. B. Hendee speaks under trance on such subjects as may be presented. Sunday, the 13th inst., the subject was "The Union of Church and State." He took us back in an eloquent manner to the time of Constantine and Theodosius, showed to us government and religion as it was then, and from that reasoned to what would now happen if the Church had the power.

During the latter part of the evening Mrs. Addie R. Smith gave tests from the platform. This lady has been on the rostrum only a short time but shows remarkable ability.

On Thursday evening the society gives a short literary program, after which the audience forms into small circles which are presided over by the different mediums.

There is also in conjunction with this society a young people's meeting, known as the Young People's Progressive Society. Their programs are interesting and instructive.

A. H. BUCKMAN.

Cherryvale, Kan.

The Cherryvale Republican says, concerning one of our co-workers:

The lecture given last Sunday afternoon in the basement church by Rev. M. T. Allen, was entertaining, and was listened to with deep interest by the audience. The answer to the question "Eternity" was given in poetry, and was grand, and on Wednesday night, although it threatened rain, the house was crowded, her controls answered each question as taken up in beautiful language. The answer to the question, "What is Spiritualism," was beautiful. Mrs. Allen speaks inspiringly, she knows nothing of what she is going to say beforehand. She speaks what is given to her by the spirit world. This is something new to most of us. The Spiritualists of Cherryvale Home formed a society of fourteen members, and expect others to join soon. They will soon incorporate under the laws of the State as a religious body. Mrs. Allen will remain here this week. Meeting at the same place next Sunday night. All are invited.

MEDIUMS AND LECTURERS.

Mores Hull speaks in Washington, D. C., during November.

Mrs. Ada Foye's permanent address is P. O. Box 517, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe-Watson may be addressed at West Side, Santa Clara Co., Calif.

Mrs. Celia Loucks will make engagements for fall and winter to lecture. Address Findlay, O.

E. Bowtell speaks in Malden, Mass., December 11th. Address 223 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Oren Stevens, the boy medium, during November address at 55 Freeman Avenue, Dayton, O.

Mrs. A. H. Colby Luther may be engaged for November, '92, and January, '93. Address Crown Point, Ind.

Lyman C. Howe, speaks four Sunday in Louisville, Ky., beginning Nov. 13. Address 115 West Chestnut Street.

Mrs. Effie Moss, materializing medium, will be in New York City during November. Address 950 Sixth Avenue.

W. A. Mansfield is located at present at 126 Cedar Avenue, Cleveland, O. Will visit neighboring towns at intervals.

Prof. J. M. Allen's address for the present is 142 Seventh Street, San Bernardino, Calif., in which city he is engaged for the present.

Mrs. Dr. Sarah B. Marvin, spiritual healing medium, has removed from Charlestown, Mass., to 225 Weybosset Street, Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stranger, inspirational lecturer and test medium, will respond to all calls. Address 171 Pine Street, Muskegon, Mich.

Mrs. M. E. Williams, of 223 West 4th Street, New York City, holds seances for materialization every Tuesday Evening and Saturdays at 2 p. m.

Will L. Larthrop, spoke in Taunton Mass., on the 13th and in Pawtucket on the 20th inst. Will accept engagements. Address 31 Winter Street, Boston.

Mrs. Anna Orvis, a remarkable inspirational speaker, has two open months the early part of '93, and can be addressed 439 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

G. W. Kates and wife have accepted a call to spend the winter in Colorado and the West. Their address during November will be Aspen, Colorado.

Will C. Hodge, who is now located at Chicago, desires engagements in the lecture field for winter months. Will make terms reasonable. Address 315 West Van Buren Street.

Mrs. L. A. Grove desires to serve societies as platform test and musical medium. Those wishing her services can address her at 277 North Nineteenth Street, Columbus, O.

Mrs. O. E. Daniels, trance and inspirational lecturer, can be addressed for fall and winter engagements; will also speak at funerals. Address, 4954 South State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Willard J. Hull has the rostrum of the Boston Spiritual Temple, Berkeley Hall, Boston, Mass., for November. Address mail, 52 Rutland Square, Boston, Mass., care of Wm. Boyce.

Many testify to the correctness of readings on all business, social, and domestic matters given by Mrs. Maggie Stewart. Price \$1 and stamps. Address, 264 E. Main Street, Piqua, O.

Mrs. A. E. Sheets, inspirational speaker, Grand Lodge, Mich., P. O. Box 883, will make engagements for the fall and winter, beginning September 1st. Will also answer calls for funerals.

Mrs. J. W. Miner, trance speaker and psychometric reader, is now ready to respond to all calls for platform work. Permanent address 1200 East Twenty-fifth Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. A. E. Kibby, trance speaker and platform test medium, will answer calls for above named purposes in neighboring towns and cities. Address 130 Locust Street, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, O.

Mrs. Maggie S. Ewart, will respond to calls as platform test medium. Will also give readings by letter, from lock of hair. Send full name, age and sex. Price \$1.00 and stamps. Address 264 E. Main St. Piqua, Ohio.

Mrs. Lora Holton, musical test medium and psychometrist, will answer calls for platform work for societies in Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois at reasonable terms. Address her at Vicksburg, Kalamazoo Co., Mich.

Jennie S. Johnson, President M. O. O. B., may be addressed until further notice for formation of auxiliaries of Mediums' Order of Beneficence, also for lectures, tests, psychometric readings, etc., at Ashland, N. H., Box 85.

Frank T. Ripley, will lecture and give tests at 2762 Broadway, Cleveland, Ohio, during the month of December, 1892. Mr. Ripley will accept week night engagements, during December in Ohio to lecture and give tests.

Geo. H. Brooks is now ready to accept engagements to lecture from all points. He lectures in Wonnevoo, Wis., during November and Kansas City, Mo., during December. May be addressed for the present at 144 N. Liberty Street, Elgin, Ill.

Mrs. Mary C. Lyman, is speaking through the month of November under the auspices of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, Pa. She can be addressed at 615 N. 11th Street during the month for engagements. Regular address Box 420 Fulton, N. Y.

Pure, Potent, and Powerful.

Dr. Hoxie's Certain Croup Cure for the absolute cure of Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis, and Whooping Cough is remarkable in its formula. Like white heat it is colorless and yet from its purity it permeates tissue the most delicate. It soothes and heals lung irritation, removing ugly coughs of long standing. 50 cts. A. P. Hoxie, Buffalo, N. Y., Manufacturer.

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BASED ON NEW THEORIES OF CAUSE AND CURE.
GENTLEMEN—I have been using the Electropoise for about a month, and for the benefit of suffering humanity take pleasure in adding my testimony. For me and others I have cured sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Headache, and a case of old chronic Rheumatism. I saw it in use in three treatments, an enormous swelling of the glands of the throat, and for any acute trouble it works like magic. I would say to all afflicted, if you wish to be well and happy don't fail to buy an Electropoise. Sincerely yours, Dr. J. W. DENNIS, Oct. 26, 1892. Descriptive circular with testimonials free. For information in regard to this wonderful instrument, address

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The Ether Ray apparatus was awarded the gold medal at the "Ausstellung fuer volkswirtschaftliche Gesundheits- und Krankenpflege." Popular Hygiene Exhibition held at Halle, a. S., Germany, August 21-25, 1901. The awarding judges accompanied the notification of their act with the following flattering letter:

HALLE, A. S., August 25, 1901.
PROF. OSCAR KORSCHKE, Highly Honored Sir: We take great pleasure in notifying you that the awarding judges of the "Ausstellung fuer volkswirtschaftliche Gesundheits- und Krankenpflege." Popular Hygiene Exhibition held at Halle, a. S., Germany, August 21-25, 1901, have awarded your Ether Ray Apparatus the Gold Medal. Numerous experiments and our own observation have convinced us of the fact that your Ether Apparatus conveys strength and energy to the human system, which can be used either as a healing-remedy or invigorator. We noticed especially a very beneficial effect on the nervous system, and your Ether Ray Apparatus offers, without doubt, the medical science a new agent. It gives us great pleasure that we are the first who can announce to you our highest appreciation. That your Ether Ray Apparatus is also the means of promoting the growth of plants, satisfactory proof has been given to us. Your, very respectfully,
W. v. d. LEBE-HALLE, Secretary.

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Waiting,
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